

As the hippies quit the Hashbury...

THE 'BADDIES' MOVE IN

By James Phillips

"This is not where it's at . . . Split . . . Get out quick. . ."

The whispers are heeded by most run-aways, drop-outs and hippie recruits as they arrive in the Promised Land of peace and brotherly love.

A few disillusioning hours later, the wildly-painted, psychedelic buses and battered jalopies turn around and head out of the now-famed Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco.

As they go, they form an incongruous tableau beside the gleaming monsters of tourists in from Montana or Idaho for the thrill of seeing "dirty" hippies.

Tourists aren't disappointed. What they see, as they inch along Haight St. confirms what they have read and heard.

To them, the Hashbury is a Coney Island of the West. Observed through windows and closed doors.

However, to the hippies, it is now a decoy that keeps tourists away from their new retreats in Marin County, Big Sur, Topanga Canyon near Malibu or the Morningstar Ranch in Sebastopol.

HIPPIES who stayed behind have done a good job in getting the word out.

To the vast relief of Mayor Shelley, the police and city officials, the predicted immigration of 100,000 teenagers never materialized.

Not all departed for greener pastures, however, and what is left in the Hashbury is alarming.

Today the Streets of Love are paved with hate. The hatred is seen in the hungry faces of the runaway teenagers who ignored the whispered word and lost themselves in the "speed world."

SLOVENLY, past caring what they look like, they wander the streets perplexed at being hoodwinked. Instead of "free love," they found the words twisted to mean "free sex." Most are disheartened and seeking escape.

Significantly, the education level in the Hashbury has dropped in recent months. Where college degrees once were common, high school diplomas now are the exception.

As the "good" hippies move out, many alien and often violent elements have moved into the 20-block area.

Shopkeepers complain of increased thefts, obscene language and rowdiness.

SAYS Greg of the House of Richard on Haight St.: "Shoplifters come from the new, plastic crowd that has drifted into the Haight. Usually paranoid drop-out types. It's a bad scene all the way."

Peter Krug, owner of the Wild Colors store on Haight, says shoplifting losses are now about \$50 a month.

Patrolman Manus Duggan, a 53-year-old Park Station veteran who has watched the hippie community grow, said last week: "We're getting a lot of strong arm robberies now. The trouble is not all of them are reported. The hippies are afraid."

Most of the faces he used to see on the streets, "Micky" Duggan said, had now left. The number of runaways picked up also had dropped from a peak of around 10 a day to three or four a day now.

EVEN worse, dealers of hard core and main line drugs are now being attracted to the scene. And pimps operate to lure the young girls to sex parties for "straights."

Kendall Campbell, a former New York photographer who came on the scene on assignment from her company about two months ago then dropped out, said:

"I've heard from many girls in the Haight that they have been approached by hippie-looking guys who will offer them a place to sleep for the night."

"SO, thinking it will be the Glide Memorial Church or the Diggers, they go along. The party they find going at the place where they will wind up is explained as 'just part of the scene.'"

"Of course, these are the young girls, 16 or 18, who have just run away from home and are only looking for something to take the place of their parents."

"It's a shame they should come to the theoretical City of Love and be thrown into a big gang-bang sex scene like that."

TYPICAL of these girls is Laurel, 18, a high school graduate from Washington, D.C. Her parents were middle class; her father a real estate broker. And, again typically, Laurel could not get along with them.

One night last June, she gathered

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1967 — George Gardiner
Bay Guardian Company

Arid Westlands - the water scandal

By Paul Taylor

Of the countless episodes in the chronicle of the West as "The Plundered Province," there are few to match in effect and extent the giveaway of millions, if not billions, of dollars worth of public water to a small group of landowners in a huge section of the San Joaquin Valley.

The name Westlands may someday be to water what Teapot Dome was to oil.

Westlands is the name of a water district covering a vast 500,000-acre chunk of semi-arid land on the west side of the San Joaquin Valley. The district, stretching from Los Banos to Kettleman City, has only 22,500 persons in an area about two-thirds the size of Rhode Island. Landowners, 240 of them, are huge—for example, the Southern Pacific Railroad owns 120,000 acres or 187 square miles.

FOR 25 years, landowners here have mined water from their underground reservoirs as miners once mined gold. So exhaustively have their pumps sucked up water that the land surface is sinking about a foot a year and the underground reservoir is badly depleted in quantity and quality. The sinking land jeopardizes the canals, now being built, that are needed to bring water to check further land damage.

All this is changing. Reclamation is coming and with it the inevitable components of urbanization: more intensive farming, new towns and cities, more people, soaring land prices, gargantuan profits to those who own land.

Reclamation means the public subsidy of moving water to private lands.

At Westlands, this subsidy amounts to about \$1,000 an acre (money the landowners never repay) and an ultimate public investment of \$500 million in an area with an assessed valuation of only \$26 million.

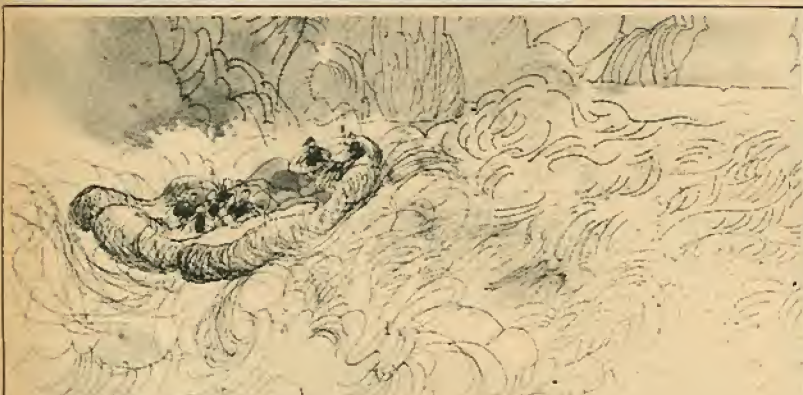
This subsidy underscores a question that persistently dogs the efforts of Western landowners when they seek to gain Eastern and Southern support to invest federal funds in western reclamation.

THE question: Who reaps the benefits? The answer: The private landowners. Here's the background: At the beginning of reclamation in 1902, Congressman George W. Ray of New York warned:

"Behind this scheme, egging it on, encouraging it, (are) the great railroad interests of the West, who own millions of acres of these arid lands, now worthless, and the very moment that we, at the public expense, . . . construct these irrigation works and reservoirs, you will find multiplied by 10, and in some instances by 20, the value of now worthless land owned by those railroad companies. . ."

To quiet these fears of water and land monopoly and uncontrolled speculation, westerners inserted a provision in the reclamation bill that no individual landowner can receive water for more than 160 acres. With this in the bill, the West's spokesmen assured Congress that reclamation would bring about the "breaking up of any large land holdings which might exist in the vicinity of the government works."

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Newhall's Liberty Dollar 3

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Hashbury -- now a tourist decoy

— Continued from page 1

up all her savings and took a flight to San Francisco, then a taxi from the airport to the Haight-Ashbury. That about exhausted her funds.

For a while, it was fun. Then, gradually, the tambourines went silent and the Dylan songs faded and Laurel realized she had nowhere to stay.

"IT was awfully lonely there at 3 a.m. that first night," she recalled. "I didn't know anything about the Diggers and, since I was a runaway, I didn't want to go to a commune to get everybody else busted, so I was stuck on the street."

THEN a bead-wearing young hippie approached Laurel and asked her if she would like to go to a "safe commune" in another part of town. She didn't hesitate in accepting because, she said, he was accompanied by another girl.

"They told me the commune was in North Beach and that I could meet new friends at a party that was well under way.

"The commune, it turned out, was in one of those ornate Victorian apartment buildings between North Beach and Fisherman's Wharf. The scene we walked in on was almost unbelievable.

"There were about 12 people in the apartment. The guys were mostly straights, but the chicks were all definitely hippy — mostly young like myself. Everyone was in some stage of undress or entirely nude.

"At first I was so startled I almost jumped out of the door, but the guy that had brought me insisted that I didn't have to take part in the party if I didn't want to.

"I pulled off into a relatively obscure corner and tried to sleep sitting up. One of the more fully clothed guys kept offering me a joint and was so persistent that I finally took a few tokes to soothe my rattled nerves. Pretty soon, I really felt super stoned.

"Then they told me that the grass had opium in it, and by that time I was really on a trip. It doesn't take much of that junk to really flip you out.

"The rest of the action during the night was strictly out of the Marat-Sade period. I don't remember much. . .

"The next day I found myself back in the Haight. I found some really nice dude with a car and he took me around the North Beach area until I spotted the place where I had been.

"Whoever owned the apartment had split and left my suitcase with the manager who returned it to me. He told us the guy in the apartment had been one of the local hustlers and had been paid by the guys for the use of 'his girls.'

"I saw one of the other girls who had been at the party and she told me that she had been picked up in the same manner. So I guess the dude used the same line with every chick.

"It's not a very good line, but it doesn't sound too bad at three in the morning, when you're tired, hungry and have no place to go. I guess this is what the love generation should expect since they're trusting and vulnerable to cop-out hustlers and every other kind of cheap con man."

Laurel has been in the Hashbury long enough to know the survival code. She has a part-time job as a secretary and a decent home.

WHAT drove the older, original hippies out of the Haight-Ashbury? Was it the natural inclination to seek new horizons or harassment? The hippies claim it was harassment by police and city officials. Doors of communes, they say, were being smashed on the average of two a night by police allegedly seeking runaways. Beatings were frequent, they said.

Raids by the narcotics detail, tipped off by hordes of undercover agents dressed as hippies, became oppressive.

The Hashbury was no longer the peaceful place it once was to meditate and seek out the inner self. The hippies decided nature offered the best mind-expanding surroundings. There police were rare, eyeballs fewer and social dogmas non-existent.

AND so the Haight-Ashbury story has come almost full circle.

The exodus to the area began more than two years ago when survivors of North Beach's commercialization found seclusion there.

The ex-beats moved into a neighborhood that had retired from the respectability race, resigned to becoming a slum.

With the ex-beats came new faces looking for new explanations of old questions. A hang-loose ethic was evolving.

ABOUT this time, LSD-25 (lysergic acid diethylamide) was beginning to become widely known among younger people as a mind-expanding or hallucinogenic drug.

Discovered by a scientist in Switzerland in 1913, it had remained in psychiatric and deep underground circles until then.

"Acid," it was found, could bring about a state of nirvana, or total meditation, as the Zen Buddhists and other Asian religions had advocated for hundreds of years. Nirvana has many definitions, but it is generally recognized as the ability to examine one's soul.

Thus, the "total love" idea gained ground and with it the hippies' hang-loose ethic.

Generally, hang loose means the freedom to do just what you want as long as you don't hang-up anybody else who is trying to do his thing.

IF a person wants to be a leader, that's his thing — but you don't have to follow him.

At first, the Haight-Ashbury's original residents looked on the yet unlabeled hippies as human beings and treated them with respect. They even saw merit in the pacifist-type philosophy the newcomers were professing.

Many of the new residents did not have steady jobs, and paychecks fluctuated from week to week, but shopowners were willing to grant credit to these gentle people who were brightening the neighborhood with frequent, smiling greetings to the old residents.

THEY were a strange group, these newcomers.

They would stop and talk to old folks sitting on their front steps — and talk with the familiarity of old friends — quite unlike the young, spoiled kids they were used to.

The movement gained ground and the spotlight swung round to follow

— Continued on page 5

See how the hippies bring in the cash . .

By Creighton H. Churchill

Hipness floats along on a carpet of green, and it isn't grass. Political whipping boy, curious aberration of an otherwise ordered age, fertile ground for media exploitation — the Hip are all these, but our myopic city fathers have left the inquiry there, completely missing Hip's major value to San Francisco.

That value is money.

Shock waves from the economic boom in the articles and trappings of Hip have reached every jerk-water town in America, and, to a lesser extent, Western Europe.

No one escapes the new "Hip" acid-dropping Beatles, or the flights of the Jefferson Airplane and the musicology of the Grateful Dead. Life, Time, Newsweek, Look and Post, all have carried major display pieces on the "love revolutionaries," and, for once, where it's happening is right here in the Bay Area.

Entrepreneurs of Hipness, like the word "psychedelic," have reached into every form of business from manufacturing to public relations and retail stores, bending and molding ideas, attitudes and fashions with the economic spin-off of their Flower Revolution.

This sub-culture of enterprise has reversed the current mass-economics trend toward bigness and automated specialization by returning to a bastardized form of Medieval craft shops and guilds, highlighted by an interesting revival of the small Mercantilist entrepreneur.

The Hip with a little coin who can make sandals or jewelry rents a storefront somewhere and opens a small crafts shop while his "brothers" with more capital and some business experience run a shop selling the regalia of the dope scene and psychedelic art: a door from the Underground through to the economic sunlight of the straight world.

Archetypical are the various "head" or "Trip" shops in major cities. The Psychedelic Shop, run by the Thelin brothers, was the first "tripatorium" in the Haight-Ashbury, and it became a mecca for dope-heads, Hips and the informed curious. It also made money, selling cigarette papers, records, books, jewelry, roach clips, pipes and posters. Time magazine, in its article on Hipness, quoted clear profit figures of 50 and 75 thousand dollars for the early Head shops. Perhaps that was true in the early days 4 years ago, but success brought a rash of competition, and in the Haight it is a lucky and well run two-man shop that will gross \$3,000 to \$5,000 a month.

Profits have been more startling in other fields of Hipness. The best example: the Fillmore auditorium dances presented by Bill Graham. Former office manager for Allis-Chalmers and business manager of the Mime Troupe, Graham was no stranger to the business world when he capitalized on the combination of the dope and music scenes and started presenting rock dances and light shows in the heart-of-the-Fillmore-district hall that, until then, had been notable only for the number of fights at its teen dances.

An entrance fee of \$2.50 kept out the rowdies as well as most local Negroes, the dances quieted down (there has never been any real trouble at a Graham dance) and several thousand people paid each night to hear the "new sound" of San Francisco acid-rock. On most nights the Fillmore, the Avalon (run by Chet Helms and the Family Dog, a type of tribal society-corporation) and California hall are each packing in thousands of paying customers. That's a lot of box office bread.

Graham, unlike the "communal," Haight-oriented Family Dog, has been heavily criticized by the local Hip for reinvesting his considerable profits — widely considered to be over \$1 million — in "straight world" ventures rather than Digger-like improvement-of-the-Hip-community activities.

Though high individual profits are being made by various entrepreneurs, the cash flow from these dances pays salaries to platoons of local residents, from the rent-a-cops to the rock bands and the light-show technicians, creating a true local industry that benefits the city in more than just publicity. The tremendous success of these dances showcases new talent and stimulates the discovery and development of fresh artists, from poster designers and trip-clothes makers to new bands, in a self-generating upward spiral of economic ramifications.

Success problem syndromes are more familiar in the Haight than in straight-world business. Whether it be a store, a rock band, or an organization, the early Haight institutions weren't prepared for the immense monetary and public success lavished on them by the new economics. Simply stated, what does a store owner living on \$200 a month do when suddenly he's making several thousand dollars a month? Or the artist?

Next issue: the Psychedelic Shop follows a spiritual path while others exploit everybody in sight. The dollars of Hipness are traced from a manufacturer to the tourist.

'WE WILL BUILD A NEW ANGUILLA'

--cries the Chronicle's swashbuckling editor

By Bruce B. Brugmann

Copyright 1967, The Bay Guardian Co.

The pile of Anguillian liberty dollars mounted slowly as two weary copy boys huddled one recent Sunday over an old hydraulic press on the second floor of the San Francisco Chronicle.

As they toiled over the hissing machine, using its gentle pressure of 60 tons per square inch to overstamp Peruvian and Mexican silver coins, it's unlikely they realized the unique niche their blistered hands might occupy in the history of journalism and freedom-fighting.

Someday perhaps, when tiny Anguilla's struggle for independence is fully told, their odd role might be revealed to be as important as any of those handful of smiling but determined islanders 3,000 miles away

George Draper, was off on frequent assignments to Anguilla, New York and Washington and his stirring dispatches, detailing the island's secession from a dictatorial island federation, have for months been the Chronicle's major running feature story.

Newhall himself flew to Anguilla for a look and made arrangements for Anguilla's president, Peter Adams, to fly to San Francisco on a fund-raising mission.

ADAMS was greeted at the airport by a limousine Newhall sent for him. Two miniature Anguillian flags fluttered from the car as it rolled up to the St. Francis Hotel, where a fullsize Anguillian flag soon was flying. The flags, designed for the occasion by the Chronicle's promotion department, were made by a local flag company on Newhall's instruc-

cate gifts: coverage of "the naked animal . . ." Bud Boyd's famous jaunt into the wilderness . . . "cupcakes in the sky" . . . state of the city's coffee . . . an all-girl topless band . . . the attempt of an addled soul in Zambesia to launch a rocket with a rope and a stick . . . Monday's front page spectacular on the "Decline and Fall of the Car Hop."

Anguilla, it soon was obvious, had all the ingredients of another heady Chronicle brew, straight Newhall-on-the-rocks. And Anguilla, it might be added, was Newhall's trickiest assignment to date.

Newhall made his way to Anguilla, he told The Guardian in a telephone interview, when the secession story rocketed into the headlines while he was in the Caribbean on vacation. On the island, he found "a way of life I have seen almost never": a "relationship among human beings . . . that was truly stirring . . ." spirit and souls that were "very big."

"Everyone waves," he said. "They greet each other with a smile and not with napalm."

"I think friendship, tolerance and compassion are the great weapons. Not uranium 235 or heavy hydrogen or whatever. I think the greatest weapon in the arsenal of mankind is the smile. Our nation isn't smiling, but in Anguilla there is the smile."

But the smiles, he also found, faded rapidly when St. Kitts' Premier Robert Bradshaw cut off the island's mail and currency and threatened invasion. "Somebody had to help."

"There were a lot of human souls at stake," he said.

Newhall, a coin collector, decided he could help the people most by trying to shore up their badly depleted treasury. Under an agreement with the Anguillians, he would buy up silver coins (for which he pays from 90c to \$1.60) and mint 10,000 of them in San Francisco for the Republic of Anguilla.

Then, "depending on the coin market," he told The Guardian, the \$1 coins would be sold by Anguilla to private collectors for as much as \$10 a coin. All profits will go to Anguilla, he emphasized.

A small group of coins was struck by copy boys on a hydraulic press in the Chronicle's machine shop. The test completed and successful, the copy boys made regular runs to the Tilley Manufacturing Co., 900 Industrial Road, San Carlos, where the coins are stamped by the firm's automatic 100 ton psi flattening press and 25 ton psi stamping press.

Newhall buys the coins, mostly Latin American, in large lots from local coin dealers and shops. "Anguillian Liberty Dollar" and the date are over stamped on the coin, then they are delivered to Newhall at the Chronicle in bags bearing the name and crest of Anguilla, designed by the Chronicle's promotion director.

Then they are sent to Anguilla. A recent hike in the price of silver makes the coins increasingly more difficult and costly to obtain.

(NEWHALL refused to confirm Guardian reports that the first batch of coins was over stamped in the Chronicle building. He would say only, under questioning, that some coins "may or may not have been" stamped at the "Chronicle or the Examiner." The do-it-yourself minting, he emphasized, was his personal doing, not the paper's.

(He also argued that The Guardian not print the story—on grounds that the publicity would adversely affect the redemption of the coins and because "I have to protect the best interests of a sizeable group of people.")

IS the story that big? "Is Vietnam big? The only difference is the number of people involved."

Newhall called The Guardian back, an hour after the first telephone



"You're going to make an ass of yourself" and "you're going to burn your newspaper down" if you publish this story, Scott Newhall, executive editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, told the Bay Guardian.

It better be prepared "to protect itself," he said.

Newhall was incensed, he said, because Bruce B. Brugmann, Guardian editor, had called him with a "preconceived" idea about his do-it-yourself mint for revolutionary Anguilla and had sought to elicit "inaccuracies and untruths" from him.

He accused Brugmann of learning his reportorial techniques in a "journalism school" and advised him, because of his age (32), the nature of his publication (which he argued was not a newspaper because it wasn't able to take legal advertising) and his "hostility" ("I've never been treated like this before by anybody"), to listen to "Old Dad" Newhall and drop the whole thing.

Later, he apologized, but said he had worried that the Guardian might "mock" the people of Anguilla and might adversely affect the redemption of coins if the mint story were broken.

interview, to amplify and reiterate for 45 minutes his arguments against publication of the minting story.

"This isn't a game and it's not a business," he said of Anguilla.

"It has some cops and robbers aspects we have to cut through. I have such a terrific respect for the

business we're in. I didn't want this whole thing to hang around a few pieces of silver."

Later, he summed up: "I want to make the world a little better than it was before. This may be sentimental, but these are my emotions." Where it all will end, knows only God.



Newhall's Liberty Dollar



Photos by Sam Cohen. Copyright 1967, The Bay Guardian Co

in the Caribbean.

FOR the duration, however, theirs was to be as hush-hush an operation as any of the CIA in Berkeley—on orders of Scott Newhall, the Chronicle's executive editor and Anguilla's bayside revolutionary leader. For Newhall had enlisted a cadre of copy boys to start a fullscale, do-it-yourself mint to produce the money necessary to shore up the exchequer of the world's newest and smallest republic.

Newhall himself was unable to hide his curious role. Often, around the office, he was heard humming "We're Going to Build a New Anguilla"—the island's new anthem sung to the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

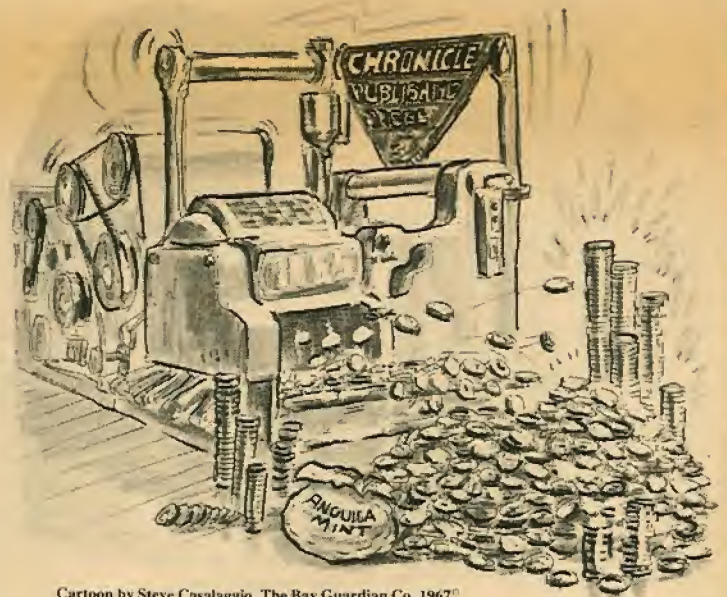
His editorial emissary, reporter

tions.

Newhall also got the Board of Supervisors to approve a resolution commending Anguilla's struggle against the nearby island of St. Kitts, leader of the island federation. No details of Newhall's behind-the-scene quarterbacking were published in the Chronicle's lengthy dispatches.

LITTLE Anguillian excitement trickled down to Newhall's staff at the Chronicle. Every so often, many knew from experience, Newhall quits his private office, puts aside his coin collections and racing cars and strides forth to do some swashbuckling.

Through the years, these missions of Newhall and his heirs and assigns have brought to Chronicle readers journalism of rare and deli-



Cartoon by Steve Casagaglio, The Bay Guardian Co. 1967

Music to mint coins by

These are the lyrics to Anguilla's national anthem, sung to the tune of the Battle Hymn of the republic:

"We're out to build a new Anguilla,
We're out to build a new Anguilla,
We're out to build a new Anguilla,
This band of pioneers.

"Oh, there's a lovely island in the Caribbean seas,
An island where the golden corn is waving
in the breeze,
An island full of sunshine and where nature e'er
doth please.
Anguilla is its name.

"For in this lovely island, we'll do our best
To conquer all our foes, that bring their
manifold distress.
So we must try to fight those foes, more deadly
than the rest,
That spoil our island's name.

"God has a plan for everyman, for me as well
as you,
And now we'll build our island till its al-
together new.
So men of purpose come along, there's work for
us to do,
With Christ our pioneer."

Wake up, San Francisco!

By Dr. Joel Fort

(Dr. Fort was dismissed in April as director of the Center for Special Problems in San Francisco on charges so absurd that almost everybody, except San Francisco's two daily newspapers, was outraged. Dr. Fort has appealed his firing to the courts. He will write regularly for The Guardian on his professional specialty: crime, drugs, sex, alcoholism and their implications for the city and society.

As racial conflagration spreads and the power structure prescribes prayer, police, an investigating commission and destruction of the poverty program, San Francisco fearfully and apathetically awaits its fate. We may be confident that, amidst the usual clichés, promises, threats and superficialities, everything but the root causes of racial violence will be attacked by politician/bureaucrats.

THE roots will never be disclosed by McCone or Koerner Commissions; this, in fact, is why these bodies of establishment thinking are appointed. Six minutes or six hours of penetrating analysis can tell us more than six months or a year of these official studies.

The obvious facts are that large segments of the people of San Francisco (and the United States) live in constant need of money, shelter and simple respect. To sum up quickly:

Alienation of the Negro and Spanish American began in slavery or subjugation and is nurtured by bigotry.

profiteering, residential and school segregation deliberately fostered by realtors; artificial expectations raised by advertising; joblessness from inadequate training and employer-union discrimination; police discrimination and extremism; unavailability of open space and recreation; and overavailability of the country's most abused drug, alcohol.

FOR tens of thousands, San Francisco is a prison where desperation grows from infancy to death. Minority unemployment is excessively high, minority persons poorly educated.

Our newspapers tell us little about the incredible apathy, incompetence and mediocrity that pervade the agencies and institutions supposedly in existence to help all of the people with their problems, but which really exist to perpetuate the agency and its administrators.

The dismantling and downgrading of the Police Community Relations unit, the failure to support the Health Screening Units operated by and for the minority populations, the blocking of the \$1,000,000 federal narcotics treatment program for the poor, the attempted destruction of the Center for Special Problems—these are some of the major developments in recent months which have increased racial tensions in San Francisco.

Inequities in housing, jobs, and social life also are compounded by vast unmet health needs and the unjust administration of justice.

THE Negro is rightly tired of studies, reports, tokenism, promises, buck passing and the continued unavailability of equality. Negro youth and, for that matter, American youth do not share their parents' toleration for the injustice and hypocrisy of our society.

The only possible solution is drastic reform and reorganization of the institutions of San Francisco and replacement of their "leaders" by young, innovative, committed, knowledgeable people. This, although not an impossibility, is so unlikely to occur that further civil disorder seems inevitable.

The classic sociological work by Gunnar Myrdal, "An American Dilemma," stated in 1944 that the Negroes' sense of hopelessness stemmed from the fact they "can never expect to grow into a democratic majority in politics or in any other sphere of American life."

As Charles Silberman has written in "Crisis in Black and White," "it is hard to imagine how any Negro American can escape a deep sense of anger and a burning hatred of things white." It should not be surprising that the closer Negroes come to full equality, the angrier they will become over injustices that remain.

INSIDE

BRIEFS
FROM HERE
AND
THERE

Somewhere between the pious incantations of KGO-TV's genial general manager, David M. Sachs, and the operations of at least some of his news staff, there seems to be a gap of perilous width.

While Mr. Sachs is either posing for golf pictures with Harold Dobbs, catching some air with a brisk walk near the Geary Theater or recording one of his patented "let's all pull together, white and black, to cut taxes, support the police, right the wrongs and re-build our cities" editorials, his newsmen have a way of bulling their way through untold China shops.

WITNESS, as one example, the exemplary conduct of cameraman Buck Joseph at a recent San Francisco Supervisors hearing on the \$45,000 needed to continue the youth employment program in poverty areas.

Before the meeting began, Channel 7 and two other stations set up their elaborate camera gear, lights and other paraphernalia. As opening items were discussed, they tested their bright lights and readied themselves for what promised to be a controversial (meaning newsworthy in the dictionary of news media) discussion.

THE TV and newspaper reporters were not the only ones interested in the \$45,000. Every seat in the small hearing room was filled, and dozens of men and women, some with small children, were standing along the walls.

The committee chairman, Jack Morrison, noticed the standing crowd and announced that the hearing on the main item would be moved from the small room to the main supervisors' chambers. It was an appropriate gesture of politeness for the standees, most of whom were unemployed, Negro and very much concerned with the summer jobs.

"TV doesn't want to move! We're set up here and we want to stay!"

The speaker was cameraman Joseph. Morrison, stunned, paused momentarily, then explained patiently that the larger room would provide seating for the dozens of persons forced to stand.

"AW, I didn't hear any of them say they wanted to move. Besides, the light's not so good in that room."

It was Joseph again, with a Greek chorus of "yea" from the other cameramen. The standees, like the committee, were too surprised at the discussion to say so much as boo.

Morrison, this time firmly, announced that the meeting was moving, whether TV liked it or not.

"Why don't you make up your goddamn minds in the first place?" asked Joseph, in toto voice.

Making as much noise as possible, he slammed his bulky equipment back into their metal cases, kicked them toward the door and left.

Morrison, turning to the audience, smiled. "We're moving to the other room now, ladies and gentlemen."

A year after Hunters Point: Negroes are worse off on jobs

By John Greenwald

Mayor Shelley, nervous and shaken, was eloquent in his promises after last fall's Hunters Point riot—jobs somehow would be found for unemployed Negroes.

Today, with ugly riots erupting throughout the country, the startling fact is that an out-of-work Negro's chances of finding work in San Francisco are now lower than they were a year ago.

Moreover, government officials have no adequate estimate of the size of this employment crisis.

THERE are no accurate statistics on the city's approximately 100,000 Negroes—or any other large minority group. "Official" figures show an increase in Negro unemployment from nine percent at the time of the riot to eleven percent at present.

But these figures are based, not on an actual survey of the Negro population, but rather on a rule-of-thumb that simply assumes the rate of Negro unemployment to be slightly more than twice the rate for the city as a whole.

A similar rule-of-thumb puts unemployment at 20 per cent for Negroes between 18 and 25, while a recent house-to-house survey of the Mission and Fillmore districts found the unemployment rate to be 36 percent for teenagers alone.

Without a clear idea of the dimensions of Negro unemployment, how are officials to grapple with the problem of improving the Negro's job prospects in a city in which the economic facts of life leave him with little but the government to turn to? Where can these people find work?

THERE has never been a blue-collar industry to absorb Negroes in San Francisco. Most of what little industry there is is presently moving away from the city, as Negroes continue to migrate to San Francisco and automation eliminates jobs in the industries that stay.

A regional approach to hiring is suggested by William Becker, director of the city's Commission on Human Rights. Becker argues that a firm such as Lockheed, situated in

the Peninsula, should have a policy of hiring hard-core unemployed persons from San Francisco.

But Becker cautions that "the response of the private sector has been tragic," particularly about rigid hiring requirements. "If you're going to make a dent in hard-core unemployment," he said, "you're going to have to drop the graduation requirement, loosen-up on arrests and stop demanding a stable employment record."

HIRING standards also prevent most unemployed Negroes from entering the white-collar banking, finance and insurance that make up the bulk of the city's jobs.

San Francisco is internationally recognized for wine and dining; yet, Negroes rarely find work as waiters or bartenders. Here discrimination is known, but rarely admitted, to play a major role.

Still another source of frustration for the unemployed Negroes are the city's labor unions. San Francisco is generally acknowledged to be one of the tightest craft union cities in the nation. Prospective apprentices here must meet extremely high entrance requirements; other usual routes to union membership—prior experience in a trade or friends inside a union—are virtually closed to unskilled minority-group persons.

SAN Francisco has done little to enable its Negro and other minority residents to cope with such overwhelmingly dreary job prospects. The city's Youth Summer Job Center, operated by the Chamber of Commerce and the Department of Employment, has already been pronounced a thumping failure. The Job Center signed-up 15,000 applicants, but was able to place only 325 of them with private employers.

THE Summer Youth Program of the city's Economic Opportunity Council has been more successful, but has had immense problems of its own. Hunters Point youths made a much publicized trip to Mayor Shelley's office when the program produced fewer jobs than expected.

Shelley pledged \$45,000 in city funds to expand the Youth Program as a result of the trip, but the money was not released until some three weeks later when the Board of Supervisors approved the expense amid angry rumors that the funds would be

denied.

EVEN the spectacular success of a summer job program would have little impact on the year-round prospects of the hard-core unemployed. One new program, looking beyond the summer, is the Concentrated Employment Program (CEP).

THE "C" in CEP could well stand for Complicated. The program is jointly funded by the Office of Economic Opportunity, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and the Department of Labor. It is administered by the Department of Labor, and operated by the city's E.O.C.

CEP's first year budget is \$4.6 million. Its first year goal is to find jobs for 2,500 residents of San Francisco's five target areas, with emphasis on residents of key census tracts within each area. The jobs will come through the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, the MDTA, the Neighborhood Youth Corps and the New Careers Amendment to the 1964 Economic Opportunities Act.

CEP already has run into difficulty meeting its job commitments, even though the program will not become fully operational for several months. The New Careers component of the program was originally scheduled to produce 219 jobs, but that number has dropped to 154.

The question: How well will the Chamber deliver? It fell down badly on its job commitments both immediately after the Hunters Point riot and for the current Summer Job Center.

"We're all groping in the dark when it comes to the problems of jobs..." admits Jack Walsh, CEP's Manpower Administration Representative. "I think the time is past when promises are made before results... The one thing I don't want to do is promise the moon."

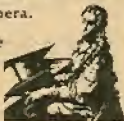
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Gov. Reagan, California's neophyte Leader, is one of the most talked about political figures in the U.S. today and a serious contender for the GOP presidential nomination in 1968.

Reagan, of course, is not an avowed candidate for the nomination, but many close to him are convinced circumstances will place the handsome former movie actor in the presidential spotlight.

Former Vice-President Richard M. Nixon and Michigan Gov. George Romney, generally regarded as the frontrunners now, leave much to be desired in the estimation of many GOP party workers.

They are crying for a winner, and the conservative Reagan, who is moving gradually toward the center of the political spectrum, could be their man.

Perennial candidate—and loser—Nixon, and dull and sanctimonious Romney have to prove themselves on the presidential primary trial, and if they stumble along the way, or deadlock the GOP National Convention, Reagan could emerge the winner.

Those close to the one-time star of TV's "Death Valley Days" say they are only awaiting the go-ahead signal from the boss.

Lyn Nofziger, Reagan's communications director (press secretary to the uninitiated), would have returned to his old job as a Washington correspondent for the Copley newspapers by now if it were not for the chance he will be deeply enmeshed in a presidential campaign next year.

Nofziger, Reagan's campaign press secretary last year, had indicated he considered his present assignment only temporary. But circumstances have changed.

What kind of person is Reagan? Is the TV image familiar to most voters accurate? Is the sincere, youthful-looking "citizen politician" a warm, friendly, outgoing individual in person?

Those who have been around Reagan since his political debut on last year's campaign trial know that when Reagan is appearing before a live audience or in front of a camera, he is more animated than in private.

His personality turns on and off with the click of the camera, but unlike many other professional performers, Reagan does not become moody or unpleasant "off stage."

In informal moments, Reagan makes what appears to be a sincere effort to be friendly, to trade quips and to be one of the boys. But somehow the effort fails. He is too wooden; the smile seems too rehearsed; the neatly parted hair and ruddy complexion are almost too perfect; the infrequent attempts at humor, too strained.

The real Ronald Reagan remains an enigma. If he ever does let his hair down, display emotion or anger or warmth, it's a well-guarded secret.

But no one denies Reagan's ability to project a boyish charm and sincerity on television, or the significance of this ability if matched in a national campaign next year against Lyndon Johnson, who projects the very antithesis of charm and sincerity.

Democratic leaders privately are advising Assemblyman John Burton to knock off his arrogant and insulting habit of addressing Judge Milton Marks as "Milt." They figure Democrat Burton's obnoxious gesture is providing Republican Marks unearned votes in their showdown State Senate contest Aug. 15.

Observers also wonder if San Francisco's two daily newspapers, which have endorsed Marks, will continue helping the Republican cause by playing down the election. It is a well-documented political fact of life that Republicans turn out in greater numbers at the polls than do Democrats. So, by giving the scant attention they have, to the race, the newspapers apparently hope to keep majority Democrats in San Francisco home on election day.

Exhibit A in the case against San Francisco journalism: the last paragraph from a story, under the byline of Earl Behrens, Chronicle political editor, about the proposed Hayward race track in the July 20 Chronicle Green Sheet:

"The site under consideration for the proposed race track is owned by the Fluor Corp. J. D. Fluor, Los Angeles, is a member of the California Racing Board. Fluor, however, is not involved or interested in the legislation passed by the Senate, according to informed sources."

Two obvious questions: How can Fluor be uninterested when his company owns the site? Why bother to ask questions when the friendly lobbyist, obviously the "informed sources," has the answer?

Republican State Controller Houston I. Flournoy, who promises to put an end to the "spoils system" of appointing California's 154 inheritance tax appraisers, is quietly replacing Democrats with Republicans of his own choice.

Two Democrats, for instance, have been lopped off the appraisers' panel in Santa Clara County. One of them, Patrick J. Creagan, was replaced by Republican Geoffrey Van Loucks, who just happened to be Flournoy's county campaign chairman last year.

Another axed Democrat, Alan A. Parker, says philosophically that "politics is the name of the game." But he wishes Flournoy "would at least be honest about it and quit kidding the public with talk about reforming the system."

Two days after Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev left San Francisco, they attended another hippy-style party in Los Angeles—this time, not in the flats and rooftops of hippyland, but in a swank beachside residence.

It was given for them by Hollywood stars like Cary Grant and Claudia Cardinale (who daubed luminous paint on their faces), Joan Collins (in an electric-green mini dress made entirely of sequins) and Joan Cohn (in a black leather electric dress that flashed on and off as she danced under ultra-violet lighting.)

Nureyev, in a John Lennon hat, black leather boots and military-style shirt, gave an impromptu ballet accompanied by a sitar player and a hippie on an electric guitar.

Dame Margot wore an African-style dress of grass fringing and wooden beads. With a pink psychedelic dot on her tummy, "At least we won't be arrested here," she told a British reporter. (See "The Real Story" on page 7.)

Only cranks doubt Ronald Reagan!

By our correspondent

Gov. Reagan renewed his strong pitch for tuition during the closing days of the 1967 legislative session. For legislators and reporters tired from months of political bickering, his latest move sounds like a return to last January: then the governor's tuition plans — coupled with budget cuts and the firing of President Clark Kerr — reverberated explosively throughout California.

But his new crack at tuition in the hot Sacramento summer has so far stirred no explosions. The governor has learned an important strategic lesson:

NO matter how partisan, how reactionary the proposal, it can be disguised and packaged so that critics liberal or moderate, can only be labeled unreasonable cranks.

Reagan is pressing for tuition to "broaden the base," as he puts it, of student enrollment at the University of California and state colleges. He proposes to use one-half of the proceeds for student grants and loans — an idea he hinted at

long ago but since has embellished with charts, graphs and a humanitarian catch in his voice. Who but the most ardent snob could oppose that?

REAGAN is moving cautiously for tuition, hoping to build support for a late August regents meeting. If the regents approve tuition, his aides hope that the heat will be on the Legislature to force the same plan on the 18 state colleges.

And, if Reagan wins the tuition battle by early 1968, he can point to a victory for one of his first, most controversial proposals. Obviously, that wouldn't hinder whatever presidential plans the California governor is nurturing.

It takes cranks, perhaps, to doubt Reagan's sincerity these days, especially as it comes across in television. He's going strong in state popularity polls. But a cranky look at Reagan's tuition and other plans reveal crucial superficialities:

■ On tuition: Democratic Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh rightly points out that it is futile to help needy students with tuition — grant — loans if poverty isn't attacked as a whole. The tuition plan, after all, would not aid prospective students who must work to help support

their families. Nor would it deal with high school students who have the ability to go to college but whose meager educational opportunities produce low scores on entrance exams.

■ On Negro relations: The governor can point to a meeting with a group of so-called Negro leaders in his office. However, these men were all Republicans and included no state or local elected officials.

■ On other programs: Reagan is pushing watered-down versions of anti-smog, Lake Tahoe and Redwood National Park plans. But:

— His Lake Tahoe plan calls for local control — after years of local exploitation of the lake's resources.

— His anti-smog plan would create a state air pollution board — with no power to enforce anything.

— His much-publicized redwood park plan calls for a land trade — benefit of the Miller-Rellin Lumber Co.

In sum: Reagan is strong on gestures, but often short on substance. Who but cranky reactionaries could oppose these far-reaching programs? Especially when they point toward the White House.

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The fading Haight

— Continued from page 2

the "scene" as it shifted from the student areas of Berkeley to the Haight-Ashbury.

Suddenly, the local news media descended on these people with beads who actually dared to walk around in clothing that differed from the Montgomery Street Uniform of the Day.

FRONT page stories told of the new "weirdos" infiltrating the neighborhood and bringing crime and dope to thousands of innocent residents. Actually, the crime rate in the area had never been lower.

These people who looked and thought differently than the majority were given the title "hippies," a term driving from "hyp" and "jive talk" when it meant to be "in the know." In recent years, however, it has been more closely associated with the heroin and hard drug users.

Publicity of the free love idea, with insinuations of free sex, brought an explosion of "weekend hippies". The philosophy of love and peace, which was put into everyday practice, was gradually obscured.

Businessmen capitalized by opening shops as fast as paint could be thrown on the long-vacant store fronts. The most successful is probably Bill Graham who converted the Fillmore Auditorium and Avalon Ballroom into gigantic psychedelic light shows at \$2.50 per head.

BY early this year, the Love Society was slipping away. . . And youngsters searching for it were frustrated and sought escape. For many, it came in the form of methamphetamine ("speed" or "crystal"), a stimulant that can provide a harrowing psychological experience.

Others found escape in the Flower Children Society which, when originally conceived, advocated the taking of LSD at least three times a week.

Unfortunately, speed was entirely alien to the hippie philosophy. It is not a mind-expanding drug and hippies trying to learn more about themselves shunned it. Speed kills, they said. It was good simply as a form of escape.

The rash of young people arriving in the Haight-Ashbury concerned the older hippies. And their "love

for all" philosophy came up with The Diggers, dedicated to finding food and shelter for the youngsters.

THAT something like this was needed became evident when a young girl starved to death on Carl Street in the center of the City of Love.

Thus, communes began springing up — bands of people who shared their assets in a common shelter. That worked fine until the police began breaking up the communes. . .

Another whisper is now going around now — that with the coming of the Fall the hippies will return to the Haight-Ashbury. But if they do, what will they find?

How much can they salvage from the summer tornado?

Eliminate them all, says candidate Korakakis

SAN FRANCISCO—"You have to eliminate these riots, you have to eliminate these pickets—these things aren't necessary!" said Lou Korakakis, San Francisco's newest candidate for mayor.

Korakakis said he would soon formally announce his candidacy and platform. He has not run for public office before.

The broad-shouldered 47 year-old Democrat manages a realty firm at 2150 Market Street which has stirred reaction among city realtors due to Korakakis' avowed policy of seeking out housing for members of minority groups.

"People in this city feel they're not wanted, but they are wanted!" he told The Guardian.



"I'm talking about everybody—people have to be made to feel they belong here. Streets should be safe for people to walk on. Housing of course is important. So are jobs.

"I deal with people all day long here," added the California-born son of Greek immigrants. "All kinds of people—and I tell you the rich need help as much as the poor!"

Korakakis says he "doesn't want to knock anybody," but feels there's much that needs improving in San Francisco and across the nation. "You have to be in a position to do it," he maintains.

Korakakis is single and lives with his parents and sister at 620 Ninth Ave.

"I think I could meet with the man in the street and understand and help him," he declares. "I'd like to see every person in San Francisco say: 'I live in San Francisco—that's my home.'"

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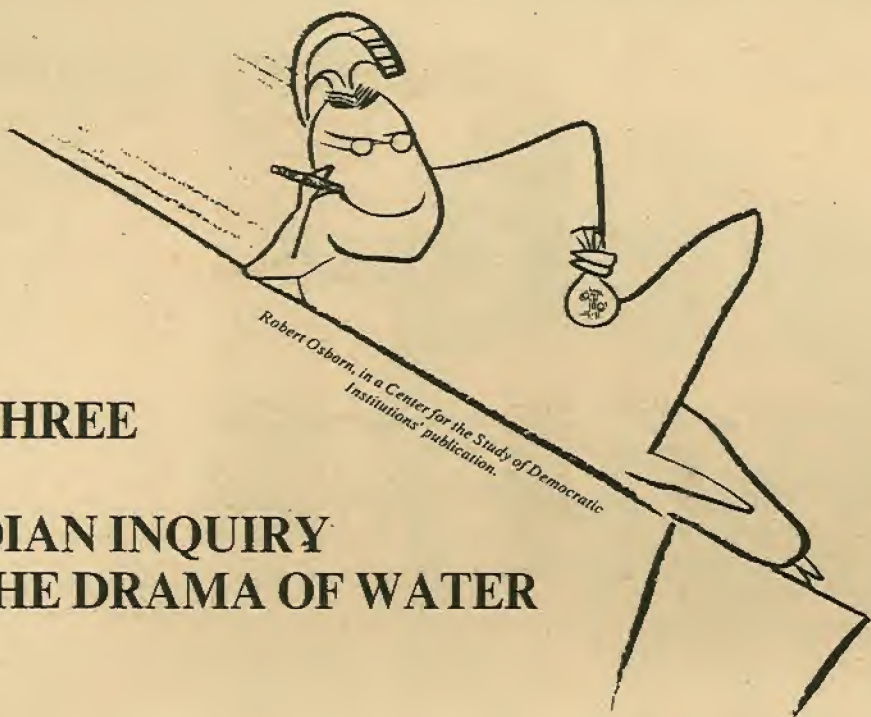
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PART THREE OF A GUARDIAN INQUIRY INTO THE DRAMA OF WATER

— Continued from page 1

In simple words, President Theodore Roosevelt explained that "every dollar is spent to build up the small man of the West and prevent the big man, East or West, coming in and monopolizing water and land."

Roscoe Pound, a great dean of the Harvard University Law School, once said that "the life of the law is in its enforcement." The 160-acre law is still in full vigor on the books, but its administrators have reduced it to a dead letter.

FOR the fact is that about three fourths of the Westlands district—that's 400,000 acres, or 600 square miles, owned by 240 individuals—is legally ineligible to receive the massive benefits flowing from reclamation. And Stewart L. Udall, who carries responsibility for enforcing the law as secretary of the interior, hasn't asked the landowners to comply with the law before they get water.

The project is designed to bring water, to the landowners by two routes: (1) by canal on the surface; (2) by raising the water level in the landowners' wells through a combination of percolation from the surface delivery, and by reduction of the overdraft. The fewer the pumps (to explain the last phrase), the higher the water table for those who continue to pump water from the ground.

(Taylor, professor emeritus in economics at the University of California at Berkeley, testified before the White House Commission on Urban Development on July 5 in San Francisco on "Conservation and the 160-acre law." Between 1943 and 1955, he served as consultant to the Central Valley project for the Department of Interior and is widely recognized as one of the nation's outstanding authorities on water and reclamation.)

(His article in the Yale Law Review was quoted by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1958 in its 8-0 decision to uphold the 160-acre Reclamation Law.)

THE first dodge: the public pays for both surface and ground water improvement, but the excess land owner (who owns more than 160 acres) can escape the law and keep his holdings intact if he can get enough water underground.

The second dodge: Interior sweeps under the rug the 1914 statute requiring the Secretary of Interior to obtain compliance with the law from excess lands owners "before any contract is let or work begun." This destroys enforcement.

(To cover this wholesale frustration of the law at Westlands, Interior prefers to ignore the 1914 statute and duck behind a 1926 statute holding that excess lands in non-compliance shall not "receive water." Thus: the phrase "receive water" is narrowly interpreted to mean surface water only; landowners getting ground water are permitted to escape enforcement.)

(However, as the department's own solicitor made abundantly clear in a 1961 legal opinion, this amounts to a distinction without a difference and permits "no cover" at all. "As the excess land provisions have evolved from 1902 to the present..." Solicitor Frank J. Barry wrote, "Congress has sought not to weaken but to strengthen; not to open loopholes but to close them; not to encourage speculation but to stop it.")

AT Westlands, Udall has chosen to weaken, not to strengthen; to open gaping loopholes, not to close them; to encourage speculation, not to stop it.

From the beginning, giant landowners have shown their clear purpose, in one way or another, to avoid or to circumvent the 160-acre law. The owners have welcomed support from administrators when they were compliant and attacked them when they were dedicated to "the law." This phase, which began to unfold in the 1930's and 1940's, underlies what is before our eyes in the 1960's.

As federal funds began to flow into the Central Valley Project in 1935 and Congress placed the project under reclamation law in 1937, the drive promptly began to remove the 160-acre law, either by congressional or by administrative action.

As early as 1937, so a spokesman for Kern County Land testified to Congress, landowners "were assured by officials of the Bureau of Reclamation that... we count with certainty that before the pro-

'Westlands is to water what Teapot Dome was to oil'

ject was completed, the acreage limitations would be removed. Until 1944 this was the general understanding."

BUREAU officials, he claimed, gave assurance on the ground, in part, that enforcement of the law would be impossible since much of the project would be devoted to recharging ground waters.

In 1944, Russell Giffen, now head of Westlands Water District, re-emphasized this feeling among excess-land owners, between 1937 and 1944, that the 160-acre law would not be applied to them. "Two members of our committee went to Denver and talked with Mr. Harper of the Bureau," he testified. "It was indicated to them there that the 160-acre provision was not to be taken seriously."

Then, as if to bind a bargain, the large landholders put up \$25,000 in matching money for groundwater surveys on the west side of the San Joaquin Valley, apparently at the suggestion of Bureau of Reclamation officials.

When bureau officials later, under orders from Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, failed to support attacks upon the 160-acre law in Congress, Giffen testified: "It seems to me that the Bureau was completely in bad faith in taking the \$25,000, knowing that our district could not accept that."

In Congress, Sen. Sheridan Downey and Rep. Alfred J. Elliott (from the Kern-Tulare-Kings counties district) led the attack on the 160-acre law until the late 1940's. By then, growing public awareness of their special interest efforts ended their political careers.

THE Downey-Elliott drive moved in two directions: (1) To seek congressional exemption from the 160-acre law; (2) This failing, to remove from office those Bureau of Reclamation officials who were supporting the law before Congress and trying to enforce it in the Central Valley.

In due course, a Downey "rider" to an annual appropriation bill denied a place on the public payroll to Commissioner of Reclamation Michael W. Straus and Sacramento Regional Director Richard L. Boke—on the pretext they were not "engineers." By this subterfuge, they were driven off the payroll for seven months; only the re-election of President Truman in 1948 made possible their reinstatement.

IN 1964, Udall conceded mildly to Congress that over the past 35 years, the Executive Branch (that is, his department) had "on occasion exhibited a degree of concern for the excess-land owner which may be difficult to reconcile with the policies embraced by the excess land laws." Application of the 160-acre law, he added, has been "uneven and uncertain" and "the difference may be the result of sheer accident or careful planning."

Are 30 years of "careful planning" by large landholding interests now paying off? Is official "good faith" in the sixties replacing the "bad faith" charged against high Bureau of Reclamation officials in the 1940's when they supported the 160-acre law?

At Westlands, death comes to the law by calculated circumvention.

Next: Reclamation Law: The Challenge to Conservationists to Save California.

THE PRONOUNCEMENTS:

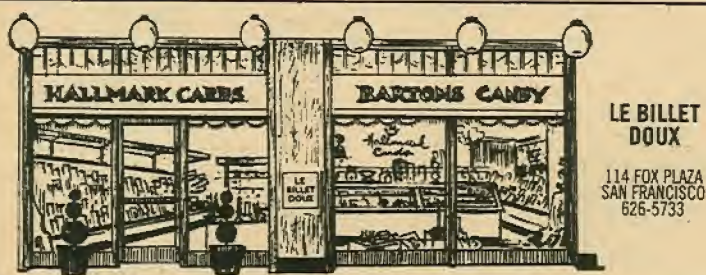
"It should be made crystal clear that the federal acreage limitations will be enforced (at Westlands) in the case of those benefitting from the federal project..." —Sen. Thomas Kuchel in the Aug. 15, 1958 edition of the Congressional Record.

"I have directed that the Southern Pacific Railroad be asked whether they would observe the 160-acre limitation because I would not have been burning with enthusiasm to report the bill if the SP were going to have 150,000 acres of land in the district and not subject to the 160-acre limitation... I have grave doubts that it (Westlands bill) would have ever seen the light of day if we were just going to say that much land for Southern Pacific would not be subject. I think they should be subject and I said so." —Sen. Clinton Anderson (chairman of the Senate Interior Committee) in 1958 hearings on Westlands.

"Project water deliveries will... be made (at Westlands) only to eligible lands in strict compliance with the controlling provision of reclamation law." —Commissioner of Reclamation Floyd E. Dominy in a June 21, 1966 letter to Sen. George Murphy.

THE REALITY:

Some 400,000 acres, or some 600 square miles of California, are about to receive publicly subsidized water in avoidance of reclamation law. "The name Westlands may someday be to water what Teapot Dome was to oil." —Paul Taylor, The Bay Guardian, August, 1967.



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'I want the real story'

DEMANDED THE REPORTER
FROM NEW YORK

By Douglas Dibble

It was 3:15 a.m. and Dame Margot Fonteyn gave a little shiver as she stepped out from the cozy intimacy of Vanessi's on to bright but bleak Broadway.

The white fur—of rooftop fame—was tugged firmly around her long white dress.

Rudolph Nureyev, her indefatigable and brilliant partner in Britain's Royal Ballet, danced out with his head held curiously high in the haughty but mocking manner only a man with the world at his feet can affect.

TO THE exotically dressed Rudi. The Incident in San Francisco's hippie community two days before was just that — an amusing incident to be savored as an Experience.

Even then, reporters were still there — under unrelenting pressure from their city desks to get Dame Margot's version of the events that led to her and Rudi's arrests and night in jail.

But with the famous pair due to depart for Los Angeles later that day, the press — mostly British — was ready to admit good-humored defeat.

"All right, Margot, you win," said one with a laugh. "Just tell me one thing, and I admire you for it, how did you manage to withstand our combined efforts to get you to talk?"

DAME Margot switched on her dazzling smile, and inquired sweetly, her hand on the reporter's arm: "It was the right thing to do, wasn't it?"

Right or not, the pair's adamant silence exasperated newspaper editors as much as it was admired by the public.

Sensing a first-class human interest story, reporters flew in from Britain, New York, Los Angeles and other parts of the country. Thousands of dollars of salaries and expense money were thrown into the

pursuit.

FOR nothing. It was the biggest anticlimax if the year.

The British Broadcasting Corporation laid out \$15,000 for an on-the-spot television report via satellite — and its correspondent spent three minutes on the air waves explaining why Dame Margot and Rudi would not talk to him.

Frustrated reporters, plagued by wires from their home offices, tried all the tricks they knew to reach the incommunicado pair.

There's no doubt that British journalists, spurred by newspaper competition of an intensity unknown in America, are more aggressive by far than their American counterparts.

PRESS conferences are ignored;

each paper works for an exclusive.

When one reporter slipped away from his fellow reporters in the St. Francis hotel, the others momentarily panicked in fear he had managed to reach Dame Margot.

When the London Evening News man reported, mistakenly, that Dame Margot and Rudi had descended into a North Beach topless bar, Vanessi's, the paper ran the news on Page One. Every other British reporter here got "rockets," as they call them on Fleet Street, from their editors, wanting to know why they had missed the story.

The London Daily Mail's Geoffrey Blythe was certain he had it made: he was a personal friend of Dame Margot's and they exchanged Christmas cards.

But he dolefully reported to colleagues that, in a 15-minute telephone conversation, Dame Margot had talked about everything, except The Subject.

ONE of the two reporters here from the New York Daily News, evidently feeling that Dame Margot was hiding something deliciously shocking by her silence, demanded of one of her companions: "I want the real story."

The San Francisco Chronicle recovered superbly after a disastrous start on the story. The Chronicle's early morning police beat man heard of the early morning arrests — but he didn't believe it!

Reuters wire agency phoned its representative here, a Chronicle reporter at home in bed, for information. His call to the Chronicle city desk got the paper moving.

But the Chronicle still had to rely on the Associated Press for its pic-



©1967 — George Gardiner
Bay Guardian Company

ture coverage of the arrests.

REPORTERS prowled restlessly through the St. Francis all day following the pairs' arrest. First, they tried knocking on Dame Margot's suite door, 716, and then Rudi's, 916.

No answers. Were they inside or not? The hotel's switchboard operators, who had been asked to refuse to put through all calls, thought so. Jane Dillon, the hotel's public relations chief, thought not.

Finally, more knocking drew a reaction. About midday, an assistant manager arrived with two large assistants. Would the reporters please mind moving to the public lobby? They had had complaints and the reporters would understand they had to protect their guests.

WHO had complained: Dame

Margot and Rudi. The knocking had awakened them.

Dame Margot and Rudi's farewell performance at the Opera House was like a siege. Guards were posted at all backstage entrances with orders to bar all reporters.

But the press was not to be so easily balked. The London Daily Mirror's Brian Hitchen leaped into the orchestra pit at the close of the performance and bruised his leg.

Others, after much cajoling and reasoning, finally stormed past the guards. The Chronicle's British reporter, Ivan Sharpe, a former London Daily Expressman, had sore ears long afterward when a guard got an arm around his head.

PATIENTLY, they stationed themselves outside Dame Margot's dressing room door, until the disbelieving Royal Ballet director inquired stiffly: "Who let you in? How did you do it? You should have announced your arrival." Again: no word.

Dame Margot and Rudi flew off the next day, leaving behind a city which hadn't had such a good laugh at the expense of its cops for a long time.

To the world, San Francisco's reputation as an exciting, anything-goes city was greatly enhanced.

But the world would never believe that Dame Margot and Rudi simply happened in on a noisy party—and the neighbors complained.

JOHN V. McELHENY
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'We can count on Ron,' Sing the UC Regents

By our correspondent

The optimism of University of California Regents—confronted with last year's drastic budget cuts—is nothing short of incredible.

Their spending program for 1967-68 was chopped 30 per cent; their private funds were raided and the legislature inserted inhibiting language into many sections of the budget bill—language that even Gov. Reagan found obnoxious.

To recoup these losses, a \$302 million budget will be proposed in September along with \$80 million for buildings. The latter will have to come from the state's general fund, as there is no more bond money for capital outlay for Cal.

REAGAN is non-committal about his presidential plans, but says he'd be a fool to start out by destroying

the university.

So the conservatives on the board smile benignly and voice platitudes about how the people always support the university and there's no reason for them to stop now.

Edward W. Carter, Los Angeles financier, carries the load in this exercise, spinning what amounts to a broken record of "We Can Count on Ron."

CARTER is the same regent who told his colleagues in February they'd be sure to get \$264 million, and who flatly guaranteed a minimum of \$255 million for 1967-68. The budget, after the governor's blue pencil, came in at \$251.5 million.

Industrialist Norton Simon, Frederick Dutton and William Roth, now a U.S. ambassador, want to awaken their colleagues.

Their needling is resulting in an even deeper division of the badly split governing body.

What Simon and Company want is for regents to face the reality of smaller budgets and adjust their sites (cq) accordingly. Quit buying more land, talking expansion, living in past eras of generous legislatures and administrations.

Above all stick to the basics: keep faculty salaries competitive, maintain and improve public library quality, support student waivers to keep the best coming into the university, encourage research activities which attract the best professors.

"We have had a severe restriction in funds," Simon told the regents at their July meeting. "There is good reason to review our complete order of priority."

Talk to any of the nine chancellors or professors and the picture of just what is happening becomes clearer.

Erosion of faculty morale, increasing difficulty in hiring top quality faculty, raiding from other universities.

At Berkeley and UCLA, a slowdown in library acquisitions which rubs off on the entire system. Building maintenance is taking a beating. Federal grants are expected to decline.

No one is talking about a mass exodus, about closing campuses, about shutting down. It's not a matter of sudden death.

The majority, Republican and pro-Reagan, are shuffling along with the administration, chanting that everything's going to work out.

The odds are overwhelming that they are wrong.



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The Guardian agreed, reluctantly, to delete the phrase and the ad was run in the Sunday Examiner Chronicle of July 3.

Why the fuss?

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Toward 'pacification' in the ghetto

Our "National Day of Prayer for Reconciliation of Black and White" has passed without a major race riot. Most, we suspect, prayed for more paratroopers and frogmen. Obviously, the urge for repression is strong: the iron hand hovers.

Sen. Minority Leader Everett Dirksen (whose compassion for the marigold is always reassuring) leads a major Republican effort to exploit racial unrest. Former President Eisenhower has expressed what millions of angered and impatient whites have long wanted to hear: we have been too tolerant; we have no reason to feel so guilty about the state of the Negro in America. The change has been taken up by our lesser local breeds—Harold Dobbs and Judge Milton Marks in San Francisco, William Draper in San Mateo County.

In this shadow, President Johnson, whose civil rights record is good but not great, tiptoes through the shattered glass and shell casings. His investigatory commission is pathetically inadequate as the immediate response to the sacking of Detroit and the closing of Milwaukee. This summer we learned if we didn't know before, that a significant and volatile segment of Northern Black ghettos

doesn't identify with white ethical and social values and that civil war is in the air.

It is shocking to realize how little we do know about the ghetto Negro. One recent study, for instance, has revealed that a substantial portion of the Negro unemployed is made up of emigrants from the South who have, for generations, held a "slave" status; they never have made a reasonable adjustment to freedom and have little more in common with native Northern blacks than with the white middle class. Before anything can be done about riot control—even poverty programs—federal money must be spent to learn about this other world within ours.

Our rehabilitation programs must show more imagination. Sen. Robert Kennedy's proposal to shift poverty and job-creating projects from federal agencies to the free enterprise system (backed by federal guarantees) have at least three advantages: they free such programs from the "welfare" stigma, they create effective lobbies to insure continued congressional support and they educate and engage the white corporate world.

But unskilled, temporary federal or private jobs—already difficult to create—are not going to assimilate these Negroes into the white middle class society. In marginal jobs, there is no security, no real future and no satisfaction for the Negro man. Thus: a proposal of the recent "black power conference" in Newark may be a more satisfactory answer: establish Negro-owned financial and corporate institutions, backed by federal funds or by large private corporations. Through these we may be able to give the Negro an opportunity to rise to ownership or managerial positions, or, at least, to a higher status.

We must move quickly. All moderate Negro leaders admit that many ghetto dwellers are angry to the point of insurrection; unless they can be reached, leaders more reckless than Rapp Brown of SNCC will influence them and make the struggle uglier. It won't take much effort on our part to assert better military control over the Detroit, the Newark and the Milwaukee of the future, but, as Secretary McNamara has observed on other occasions, we have a long way to go in pacification.

A 'quiet' crisis

We have a "Quiet Crisis" in the Department of Interior in Washington. Stewart L. Udall, secretary of the interior, has signed contracts that, in effect, sell out public power in Northern California to the Pacific Gas & Electric Co. for almost 40 years.

The issues were described in detail in the last edition of The Guardian by Keith Murray, a Guardian writer. In brief, the contracts would choke off the supply of cheap federal power coming into Northern California, would give PG&E influence over the government's own Central Valley Project, would prevent BARTD and the University of California at Berkeley from getting cheap power and might affect the ability of the city of Santa Clara to build its own steam generating plant.

At the peak of the eight months controversy (virtually unreported in the Bay area press), a militant delegation of representatives of municipally owned utilities went to Washington and pressured Udall to make several critical contract changes. Udall dropped the changes because PG&E refused to accept them. Instead, Udall and PG&E exchanged "letters of understanding" that neither bind PG&E nor protect the public.

Think about that for a minute: Udall conceded that PG&E has the federal government and his department by the ear.

Burton for the senate

By sharp contrast, Judge Milton Marks has, more subtly, tried to exploit the riots with his calls for "law enforcement" and his publication of a comparison voting record implying that he is for law and order and all things judicial while his opponent for San Francisco's vacant senate seat, John Burton, is for all things leading to rioting.

The reverse is so: the Burtons, John and Phil, have compiled one of the nation's most impressive political records in contending with the root causes of urban rioting: joblessness, overcrowding, social and economic neglect, discrimination. The Guardian supports him as an excellent replacement for the late Sen. J. Eugene McAteer.

McCloskey for congress

Paul N. "Pete" McCloskey, Republican candidate for San Mateo County's vacant congressional seat, is about the only GOP candidate extant with the guts

to break publicly with the Republican trend to exploit the race riots.

He has sharply rebuked both his rival, William H. Draper III (who found in them "the marks of Communist-trained, vicious Red operators" and Gov. Reagan (who used the term "mad dogs" in referring to Negro rioters.)

In contrast, he praised Negro volunteers for "cooling off" recent racial disturbances in East Palo Alto. San Mateo County's long neglected ghetto, East Palo Alto, he said, may have more than its share of potential lawbreakers, but it also suffers from a "complete lack of local government, local police and a local tax base capable of providing self-reliance and dignity for its community."

He supports tax revision to allow poor communities like East Palo Alto to finance their schools and city by "means other than local taxes alone."

McCloskey, a Palo Alto attorney, is a rare Republican: his record is solid and imaginative on the key issues of civil rights, conservation and planning; he has political courage and independence. He ought to be elected.

(Morrie Turner, probably the finest Negro cartoonist in the U.S., will do a regular cartoon strip for The Guardian, titled MORRIE (see page 11). He does "Wee Pals" for the Register-Tribune syndicate (run daily in the Oakland Tribune), "Dogbert" for the Chicago Defender, a Negro daily, and "Humor in Rue" for the Negro Digest. After 11 years as a police clerk, he quit in 1961 to become a free-lance cartoonist. He is 43 and lives in Berkeley.)

To the editor . . . Dear sirs . . . To the editor . . . Dear sirs . . .

To the editor:

If you want to believe that the 160-acre limitation issue is a sociological one, as Paul Taylor tries vainly to maintain, and not a highly technical, commercial, competitive and economic one, that is your privilege.

But as another old friend of mine, Carey McWilliams, formerly an associate of mine in state government, and for many years editor of The Nation, has pointed out in his "Factories In The Field," that is exactly what modern agriculture is. It is no longer a "way of life," with a few exceptions in the mid-west and south.

For many years now, farms have been decreasing in number and increasing in size. Today, a tremendous capitalization is needed for farming with which to operate large acreages with very expensive labor-saving machinery.

While Taylor wants to limit farms, using federal water for irrigation, to 160 acres per man and 320 acres for man and wife, his associates in the University of California, particularly at Davis and Riverside, are constantly inventing and putting on the market more and more labor-saving machinery which no small operator can afford to purchase or use.

Long, long ago, say, in 1902, when the 160-acre limitation issue

was legislated into law, and when "men were men and the sewer was an open ditch," you could homestead 160 acres or 320 for man and wife almost anywhere in the "west."

If all the large farming operations were broken up into small ones, what do you think would happen to the price of food and fiber which this nation needs and a large part of the world as well? American agriculture is part of our American industrial economy.

It is not apart from it. To attain maximum efficiency in the production of food and fiber, great acreages, not small ones, are necessary.

Your subscribers and readers, representing the intelligentsia, have no idea what the 160-acre limitation issue is and never have had. Taylor always has directed his appeal to church leaders and laymen, labor officials, unionites, left-wing Democrats, etc. and has tried to impress all that group with his "belief" that the DiGiorgios, the Kern County Land Company, the operators of the Irvine ranches, etc., etc., were first-class economic "bastards" and baronial robbers. For years and years, Taylor's University of California operated an experimental ranch of 5,000 acres, just outside of Fresno.

Name withheld on request

eds. note: In recent testimony to the State Senate Committee on Water Resources, Taylor dis-

cussed the "archaic" charge against Reclamation Law: "The 160-acre limitation does not restrict the scale of the use of modern methods and machinery in farm operations; it restricts the extent of individual landownership entitled to receive water that the public subsidizes heavily. To the extent that eligible landowners find it economically advantageous to encourage use of modern machinery and methods on a scale larger than 160 acres, the law leaves them free to do so. Ownership is limited, not scale of operations."

(One thrust of Taylor's argument is that Reclamation Law is not archaic, but a progressive conservation measure that provides the means, in law, for California to preserve its open spaces by buying parks and greenbelts. This approach he will detail in his next installment.)



THE BAY GUARDIAN

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell." (Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861.)

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Shooting the Grand Canyon

--BY GUARDIAN ARTIST/REPORTER EARL THOLLANDER

See also
**GRAND
CANYON
DIARY**
on Page 16



Lava Rapids



Pumping air into the raft, 160 mile camp



Deer Creek Falls



The commissary at Bass Camp



The Grand Canyon at Nankowcap Camp



The "take-out" at Diamond Creek, Grand Canyon



Down the rapids near Phantom Ranch
(John Wesley Powell's campsite)

Such a fuss, when LBJ nominated George and Lynda to the Cabinet

By Jess Brownell

It is remarkable, when times are fuzzy, how easily people become upset over little things.

Consider the excitement caused by the President's appointment of Simon McHugh, recent husband of his former secretary, to a \$26,000-a year seat on the Subversive Activities Control Board, a government agency — one of many, quite likely — that never meets because it has nothing to do.

Small potatoes, one might think. A perfectly straightforward political appointment, made in a tradition long honored in this country: the faithful are to be rewarded. (And have the President's motives been inquired into deeply? After all, as any businessman can tell you, getting rid of a bad secretary can sometimes be as difficult as finding a good one.)

NO, aside from the fact that there are a good many public characters one would prefer to see put out of circulation before the apparently harmless Mr. McHugh, it is hard on the surface to fault the President in this matter.

And yet . . . there was excitement,

and doubts persist. Why, for example, was the appointment made now, during a period of rioting in our cities and unfruitful escalation in Viet Nam?

If one assumes that the President has reasons for the things he does — and surely one must make that assumption; who could believe otherwise? — then the timing of this appointment must have meaning. What might it be?

I took up the question the other day with my favorite soothsayer, who had called me with a good thing in the fourth at Bay Meadows. He had an answer ready.

"Heat transfer," he said, "pure and simple."

"Heat transfer?" I said, puzzled. "Sure. An old game. I'd've thought a mug like you would get it right off. If the heat's on you for a big job, pull a little one that gets a lot of space and takes people's minds off the big one. It almost always works, and even if you get caught it's better to do a short stretch than a long one."

"I can't believe that the chief executive would resort to such tactics."

"WELL, you may be right, of course," my friend said. "The occult's my game, and I don't pretend to understand the day to day intri-

cacies of politics. Now about this sure thing in the fourth . . . a little investment of ten dollars, say . . ."

I gave him his ten and mine, and turned to go. But he stopped me, and pressed into my hand some folded sheets of paper, newspaper clippings I judged. "Here," he said. "A little something to read while you're waiting for the results."

The first sheet I unfolded proved to be the front page of a newspaper. I don't know what paper it was, for it had been torn across the top and the name was gone and part of the date, March 14, 197 — was all I could read. But there was no escaping the big story of the day.

The headlines screamed at me: LBJ NOMINATES GEORGE AND LYNDIA BIRD CO-SECRETARIES OF STATE. CONGRESS IN UPROAR. NATION DIVIDED. REPUBLICANS PROMISE LONG HEARINGS.

THE entire page was devoted to this news and the reaction to it. A portion of the text of the President's announcement was reproduced: "I'm convinced that I have found in these two a perfect combination of ability and dedication to country."

Lynda Bird's deep understanding of the needs of the American people,

perhaps in part inherited (and here the President laughed deprecatingly), plus Mr. Hamilton's vast experience on foreign sets, will provide us with excellent representation both at home and abroad. The wedding will be tomorrow, immediately after the premiere."

THE responses of other prominent figures were quoted: Senator Dirksen, called from a recording session by the crisis, described it as "a dark day for the Republic." Dean Rusk, reached at home, was reported as saying that he believed the appointments to be in the best interests of the nation and that he had always wanted to be Ambassador to Paraguay.

Ronald Reagan, called from a televised press conference, described it as a "dark day for the Republic." Senate leader Robert Kennedy said that he was sure that he would be able to work with Lynda and Georgie Bird, then grinned boyishly. Barry Goldwater, who hadn't even been called, described it as a "dark day for the Republic."

YOU will understand that it took me some time to comprehend the contents of this page, and some time after that to recover from the initial shock, so it was a bit later when

I examined the second piece of paper. It was not a full page, merely a clipping of a very small story that, judging from the partial recipe for banana-chile-burgers I found on the reverse side, had appeared very far back in the paper. It read in its entirety:

"Almost unnoticed in the furor over executive appointments went the President's announcement, made in a televised address to the nation at four o'clock this morning, that the Senate, in routine action, had approved his declaration of war with Red China. 'If you have shelters,' the President concluded his remarks, 'it might be a good idea to check them out, just in case.'"

Obviously, I will never master politics, but I'm glad someone has.

Watch it!
Theater's
moving
in on opera

By John McConnell

As recently as five years ago, the San Francisco Opera auditions were little more than a big fancy blast, but each year since they have become more important and this year's finals at the Opera House attracted world wide attention.

The top three winners were Nina Hinson, a healthy mezzo from Los Angeles; Sheila Marks, a beautiful Los Angeles soprano with a voice already at its top, and Morris Crisci, a San Diego light Italian tenor who reaches high D flat with no difficulty.

I quibble little over the selections. I do, however, question the fact that judges ignored the most accomplished, the most operatically exciting and disciplined voice of the ten finalists — Dwila Jean Beglaw of Vancouver — and thereby reflected the direction in which American opera is obviously veering — toward an amalgam of opera, acting and professional theater in which theater is unfortunately dominant.

This trend is occasionally evident in the work of Kurt Herbert Adler, genial and astringent general director of the San Francisco Opera and one of a scant handful of top opera impresarios in the world. When he sneezes at Van Ness and Grove, opera bosses from Sydney to New York holler "gesundheit" in loud, clear bel canto.

ADLER topples from his perch from time to time and, when he does, it is inevitably because he has entrusted production and stage direction to craftsmen whose training springs from the legitimate stage rather than classical music.

His most expensive fiasco of recent times was last fall's production of "Madame Butterfly." A technical adviser on authentic Japanese mannerisms was hired and given so much authority that this loveliest of Italian operas was transformed into Kabuki theater with Italian music. It didn't work.

Miss Beglaw, it is gratifying to learn, has already enjoyed something of a successful career in Canada and will sing later this summer at Expo '67. She will be singing with great distinction — if not magnificence — for years after several other finalists terminate abortive careers.

YET she sang "Dove Sono," the Countess' lament on unrequited love from "Figaro," as if all the muses in heaven were perched on stage beside her.

Her tone was full, shaped like the legendary pear, modulated like a banked fire with tongues of flame flicking out at calculated intervals. Whatever her stage presence might project, the VOICE is there with limitless depths to be explored and developed. That is what distinguishes operatic theater as opera and not musical comedy.

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YEAH! THEY TOOK EVERYTHING BUT OUR COLOR



Shock enough to leave you limp

By Margo Skinner

America Hurrah (Committee Theater, San Francisco) The Balcony (Playhouse, San Francisco) Odori Festival of Japan (Geary, San Francisco)

Like every other critic in San Francisco, I found "America Hurrah" tremendously exciting. These three short plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie (a stagey name if ever there was one) combine to form a first-rate vehicle for the versatile talents of the Committee Theatre actors and Alan Myerson's expert direction.

"The Interview" deals with failure of human communication in mechanically structured relationships: the employment interview, the Confessional, the psychiatric consultation and the confrontation of politician by constituents.

These interviews are stylized to the point of, literally, choreography. Yet the human beings show through, particularly Peter Bonerz's worker who gets no answers from his priest and Kathryn Ish's scrubwoman, plain, square, bespectacled, speaking for a moment of the youth and love that are far behind her. Miss Ish is one of the best actresses I've ever seen. I wish she'd do "Cathleen ni Houlihan" sometime.

"TV," the second short play, is more realistic. For one thing, who can satirize television? All you have to do is turn it on. But there is a nice byplay between the usual, almost stereotyped problems of two men and a girl in the office of a TV rating company, and the excellently acted and mimed programs they are monitoring. Slides by Francisca Duran-Reynolds and A.L. Meat add a lot. Best TV episode: the interview of Melvin Stewart, as a Silver-Starred Green Beret. When asked about his future plans, he says emphatically, "I quit," to the horror of his genteel lady interviewer and the applause of the audience.

SHOCK as a dramatic tool has never been used more effectively than in the third play, "Motel." There is the first sight of the ghastly papier-mache doll who is the motel keeper, a strange, grey, fungoid

figure in something like a hoop-skirt with the face of a Kabuki mask.

There is the blinding glare of automobile headlights focused right at the audience.

There is the inhuman vulgarity of the woman doll in black lingerie roug-

found, at last, a valid artistic use for topless! Where else but here?

The men who act out their fantasies are blasphemous (the bishop), sadistic (the judge) and glory-hungry (the general). And these episodes have pace and vitality despite the overacting of Manuel Miro and Q. Lewis (Bishop and Judge), which in this context is perhaps even a virtue.

Allen Robertson is convincing as the general and Merike Leitso as his "horse" is a delightful, saucy, sexy filly. Joyce Lancaster as the madame, a realist, cool, understanding, practical, dominates every scene she appears in. The first act is excellent.

SO, too, is Scene I, Act II, in the madam's bedroom, mainly a dialogue between her and Carmen (Carol Campbell) her bookkeeper and favorite. But with the second scene, revolutionists come, and a talky, dull lot they are. Their Goddess of Liberty, a former inmate of Irma's house (Daphne Shaull) isn't strong enough for the role, and from here on the whole play goes downhill.

MEANWHILE the motel keeper, like a robot mother figure cum procuress, babbles on about the homeliness of the place, the good toilets, the anti-macassars, the genuine plastic flowers, until the couple literally knock her head off. There is no one inside her body at all. And there is the most shocking sound of all, the banshee wail of air raid sirens, after she has talked about the wonders of a new underground bomb-proof motel.

I was limp at the end of this. But a friend who accompanied me was only outraged by the dirty words - and hadn't even noticed the air raid signals.

"America Hurrah" is a work of compassion and indignation against depersonalization, synthetic culture, and destructiveness possible only in the richest society on earth. It is satire comparable to Swift's "A Modest Proposal." I will not forget it.

Grover Sales, a KQED critic, has said this Committee Theatre production has what ACT lacks, "passion and a sense of commitment." San Francisco is fortunate to have this adult anti-establishment theater.

I'M genuinely sorry to be less enthusiastic about the Playhouse presentation of "The Balcony." I've seen this talented company earlier in an expert, sophisticated production of "Volpone," directed by Philip Pruneau, and a deeply moving version of Brecht's "Mother Courage," the latter directed by David Lindeman, who is also responsible for the Genet play.

Lindeman seems to be a woman's director who can get excellent performances from his actresses. In "Mother Courage," this was fine. The brilliant Carol Campbell, who is in her early 20's, was first-rate as the gutsy middle-aged camp follower of the Thirty Years War. If the male actors were less distinguished, no matter. Mother Courage is the whole show anyway.

But in "The Balcony," though Irma, the madame, has perhaps the strongest role, there is a necessity for forceful masculine performances as well. And though the girls of the House of Illusion are important, their jobs are as vital to the play. Yet almost none of them come alive, which is particularly regrettable with the Chief of Police (played so well on film by Peter Falk) and the Envoy.

This is the stuff of good rich drama, and in the first act, "Studios in the Grand Balcony," one gets it. The girls, by the way, are topless -

And it's four hours long. Much too long. The third act badly needs an intermission, as well as some cutting and/or pickup in pace through direction. It seemed to drag on forever. When the play did end, applause was perfunctory and audience exit prompt.

In justice, I saw the first performance, and some improvements may have been made since. I hope so, for this fine local group deserves more attention and financial support than it has been getting.

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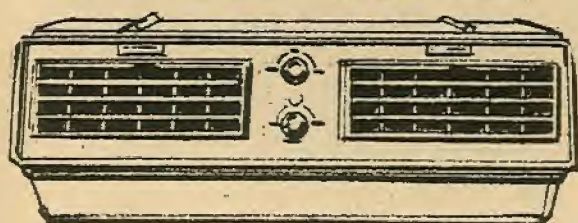
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The Committee -- lighthouse on a bottom/top less beach

By Rolfe (POW!) Peterson

The Committee Review (North Beach, SF)
"America Hurrah" (The Committee Theater, SF)
"Man of La Mancha" (Curran, SF)

To appreciate what The Committee means to North Beach, you have to walk down Broadway and steep yourself in the unrelenting, blatant shoddiness of its neighbors—the topless joints, the banjo parlors, the restaurants with "cuisine" spelled "Cusine" in their posters, the avarice, the bleakness, the whole depressing North Beach syndrome.

Aside from two or three clubs where good jazz or intelligent comedians still seem to find an audience, San Francisco night life has become a depressing monument to the mindlessness of the American conventioneer.

IN the midst of this contemptible midway, The Committee maintains two outposts of intelligence and stimulation—its old established club on Broadway and its newer theatre just off Broadway on Montgomery.

God knows it has made mistakes. From the beginning, it has been doing generally good, often brilliant satirical sketches and improvisations, but it has also done half-baked bits indicating that, beneath all that self-confidence and smug brightness and superficial professionalism, there just might lurk a bunch of talented amateurs.

When The Committee became so overwhelmed with its own importance that it opened a new theatre to present full-scale satiric drama of significance, it looked as though the troupe had over-reached itself disastrously. Its one performer of star quality, Larry Hankin, wrote "A Fool's Play," and in opening the new theatre with it, the theatre merely proved that Larry Hankin is not a star writer, and that The Committee itself is not as bright and professional as it thought it was.

THEY humiliated themselves again with "MacBird," demonstrating an apparent inability to mount, sustain and bring off any kind of full-length work.

In any case, The Committee has recovered with two new shows that are highly successful, both funny and thought-provoking, with little of the self-conscious, heavy-handed significance that used to pop up occasionally.

Their new revue at The Committee on Broadway is quick shots at politics, Vietnam, late movies, senior citizens, hippies, army psychiatrists, circus acts, advertising, computers and a schoolgirl in love with her

teacher.

TO make an odious comparison, Garry Goodrow and Leigh French in the schoolgirl-teacher sketch are simply not in the same league with Nichols and May. On the other hand, the flexibility and spontaneity of The Committee enable them to contrive an hilarious ballet-style spoof of the Nureyev-Fonteyn narcotics bust within 36 hours of the event.

Del Close's direction is excellent, maintaining a fast pace with quick blackouts, the lights coming right back up on a performer ready to launch the next number.

Despite a few predictable clichés, like a sneer at LBJ or a four-letter

and well-done by some of the original Committee members like Jessica Myerson, Kathryn Ish, Richard Stahl, Melvin Stewart, and, in particular, Peter Bonerz.

This is the kind of serio-comic drama that The Committee seems able to do—a full evening of organized content, broken into short entities requiring less sustained intensity.

AS long as the Civic Light Opera and the Theatre Guild continue to play it safe with harmless crowd-pleasers, and ACT weights the scales in favor of orthodoxy, it will be the responsibility of this notable resident company to give us the exciting, the unorthodox, the experimental stuff that has kept New York alive as a theatrical center despite Broadway's dullness.

A further step that now seems due is for The Committee to start finding local playwrights whose works, given competent staging, could give San Francisco culture a new dimension and vitality.

Speaking of The Civic Light Opera, its new offering has some strikingly original staging that seems almost unorthodox and daring. Albert Marre has directed "Man of La Mancha" with fascinating unevenness, achieving marvelous effects with an unusual set, an orchestra on stage and well worked out switches of costume and character to and from the play within the play.

BUT he alternates wonderful moments with absolutely awful things—the high school dramatics of Marian Marlowe as Aldonza and Harvey Lembeck as Sancho, over-acting and overemphasizing weak gags; the embarrassing crudity of the rape scene. Even though exclamations like "Yuck!" and "Sheesh!"

Theater

word, most of this new revue is sharp and funny, and French, Hankin, Goodrow, Christopher Ross, Roger Bowen and Carl Gottlieb are to be commended.

MEANWHILE, back at The Committee Theatre, Jean-Claude van Itallie's "America Hurrah" is a well-deserved hit. It is three one-act plays, expressionist in form, all celebrating various horrors of American life and culture.

"Interview" dramatizes the computerization of human beings; "TV" devastatingly contrasts the spurious life on the tube with the real life going on in the control room; "Motel" caricatures the savage vandalism and destructive instincts and appetite for obscenity that run beneath our civilized pretensions.

They are all ugly but also funny.

The Crow's Nest By W.G. Gaffney

The Newark affray, which came (they said) as a great and unexpected surprise to city and state authorities, was less of a surprise to people who have seen Newark. We first happened to drive through the affected area 16 years ago with a middle-aged professor, a calm and kindly man who had spent all his life on the right side of the tracks.

After about the second mile, he said abruptly, "Y'know, if I lived here, and knew I couldn't get out of here, I'd set fire to the whole place tonight, and damn the consequences!" We said, surprised, "But you'd be jailed—or shot!" He took another

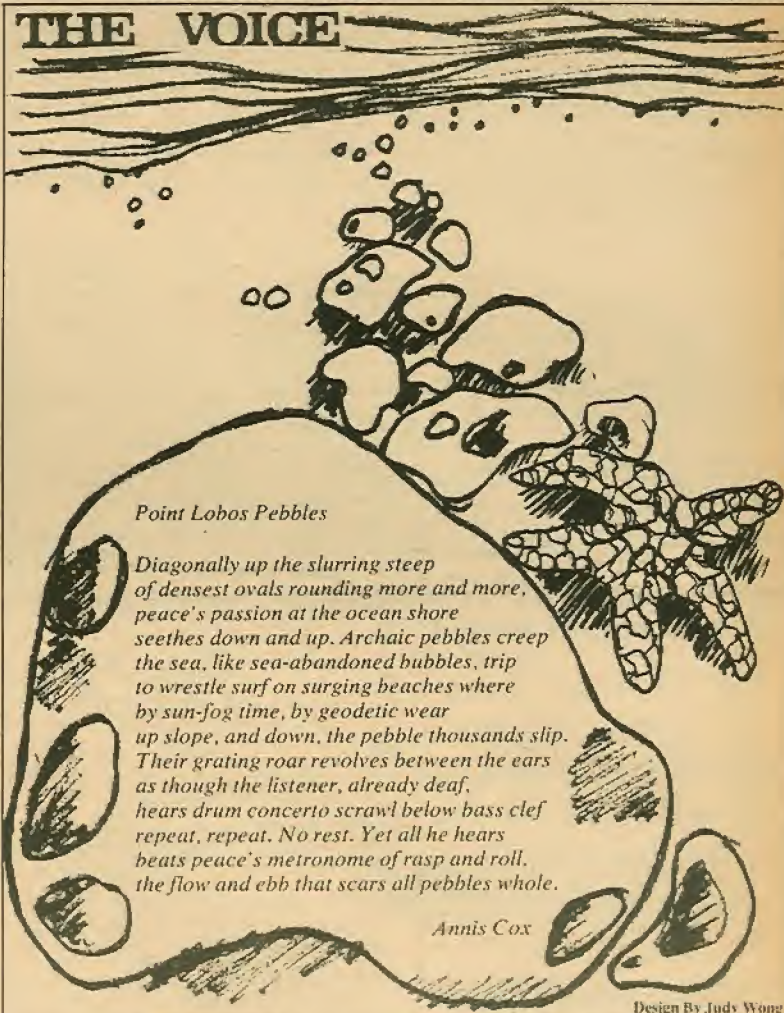
look, as we went along, and said, "SO WHAT?"

No comment—except that he was one of the mildest Christian gentlemen we have ever known, and that this was 16 years ago this month.

A fellow columnist (to be precise, our old friend Walter Scott, in "Parade" for 7 July 67) reports that John Lennon's \$17,000 Rolls-Royce is called a "freak out" because John had it painted yellow with a zodiac sign on the roof, wheels of orange, blue, red, and white, colorful flowers and scrolls on the sides.

All very well, but this story, presumably true, raises two questions: (1) Is this R-R second-hand, or, as they say in some sales lots, "pre-used"? Because the last price we saw quoted on a new Rolls-Royce, in London, was more like \$26,500. And (2) will someone from England, or perhaps the R-R Co. itself, answer this one? We were raised on the legend, widely believed, and in at least one instance known to be true, that Rolls-Royce would step in and buy back any of their chariots that they thought might be sold to unworthy uses, for example, taxicabs, hearses, or panel delivery vans for parfumeurs. Has Rolls given up this custom (or did it never really exist in the first place)?

When a young man named Elvis Presley (what ever became of him?) rose to fame, or notoriety, a few years ago and blossomed out with three Cadillacs, a die-hard Yankee friend of ours remarked that for real swank, he could have had a Rolls for about the price of the Cadillacs, but that in the South (and Southwest) no one would have recognized anything but Caddies as status symbols. — We passed this remark on to a friend on the Memphis "Commercial-Appeal." He said, "Shucks, Elvis did think about it, but he couldn't spell the name, and neither could his manager. So they settled for what they could get right here without having to write for it."



Point Lobos Pebbles

Diagonally up the slurring steep of densest ovals rounding more and more, peace's passion at the ocean shore seethes down and up. Archaic pebbles creep the sea, like sea-abandoned bubbles, trip to wrestle surf on surging beaches where by sun-fog time, by geodetic wear up slope, and down, the pebble thousands slip. Their grating roar revolves between the ears as though the listener, already deaf, hears drum concerto scrawl below bass clef repeat, repeat. No rest. Yet all he hears beats peace's metronome of rasp and roll, the flow and ebb that scars all pebbles whole.

Annis Cox

Design By Judy Wong

get laughs, they do not belong in the 17th Century.

The first few minutes promise great things, a prison scene slowly building atmosphere and suspense, then exploding as Cervantes becomes Don Quixote, applying the makeup right on stage and, with the stirring song "Man of La Mancha," launching the story of the nutty old knight. Superb.

But Marre's slow pace becomes tedious. The show is almost 2½ hours without intermission, and you wish they'd get on with it. What keeps you there are the great moments, like Gino Conforti's Barber scene, which almost steals the show, and some

good songs, especially as sung by Dale Malone.

THEN there is Ray Middleton, the old pro, doing the Inn-Keeper with all the authority and charm in the world. And above all there is Richard Kiley, the right actor in the right role that comes once in a performer's lifetime.

You may get a visceral thrill from watching him change from Cervantes, an ordinary part acted with ordinary skill, to the extra-ordinary old crackpot in armor. Kiley plays him with theatrical flourish, a John Barrymore hamminess, that makes him both comic and touching. It's a magnificent job.



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The Photograph



by Phil Palmer

Midwest residents are often treated to tremendous thunderstorms which fill the entire sky with brilliant lightning. In the Bay Area, however, severe electrical storms are relatively rare.

Madison Devlin, Mill Valley photographer, was startled one night to see the sky between his home and San Francisco the scene of a dramatic lightning show. Those familiar with Marin County will recognize the seminary near Straw-

berry, automobile lights on Waldo Grade, Sausalito, Richardson Bay and, in the far distance, the lights of San Francisco.

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Ustinov's Opening in New York

By Karl A. Tunberg
Exclusive to the Guardian

"The Unknown Soldier and His Wife"
(At the Vivian Beaumont Theatre in New York City as part of Lincoln Center's Summer festival)

New York — Experienced theatre-goers here tell me that the current production of Peter Ustinov's new play, "The Unknown Soldier and His Wife," is the best Lincoln Center has done—ever. If this is true, then Lincoln Center and the New York stage are in sad condition.

Ustinov's play is a three hour chronicle of the history of war and how it affects the little man and the pregnant wife he always leaves home. In this sense, all the scenes are the same—only the costumes are different and only the ingenious way in which the costume changes are made offer the audience any surprise.

BUT clever costume changes can't carry a drama for three hours; neither can the repetition of one statement (that is, that war is bad—even revolution—because the little man always gets the brown end of the swagger stick) nor the concurrent repetition of one joke dressed up to match different historical periods. Ustinov has interpreted Brecht to mean rambling repetition; the result is an unexciting evening in the theatre.

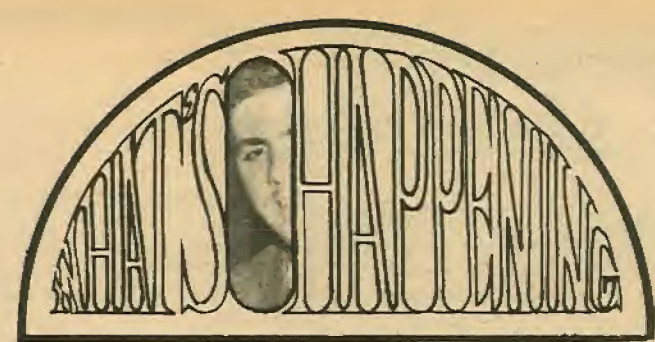
Had Ustinov examined his statement in depth by presenting genuine dramatic action and characterization, then he might have come up with an anti-war play good enough to kick sophisticated New Yorkers and tourists out of their middle class complacency.

"THE Unknown Soldier And His Wife" ends with a 30-minute statement of Ustinov's philosophy—the answer to the dilemma of war: people really are good, if they'd just listen to each other; babies will truly save the world; sentiment dripping from shining lights from heaven will show everyone—even Lyndon Johnson—the true path to fields of flowers.

I have no quarrel with Ustinov's philosophy—I have no quarrel with any philosophy no matter how unrealistic. The point is that his play fails to present his statement in dramatic terms; hence, his statement is unconvincing at best.

ONLY the acting is successful in this production. Brian Bedford as the General and Howard da Silva as the Archbishop give capable performances—which means ringing out Ustinov's lines for every bit of humor possible.

NEITHER British nor American writers have recently produced a good, powerful anti-Vietnam play. I wonder why successful playwrights ignore the realities of the contemporary world and instead choose parallel-type, historical statements that always come off as inadequate. It's time someone in this country produced an anti-war play that had substance to it. San Francisco?



By Creighton H. Churchill

Traditionally, San Francisco's "off Broadway" and experimental theatres were found in Los Angeles, New York and even Oakland. It was not by accident that San Francisco was regarded by young performing artists as the Sahara of thespian and artistic endeavor, a town that thrived only on road shows and opera. But: a blossoming arts renaissance is lifting this pall from San Francisco, with many new workshop-troupes struggling for recognition.

Not all Cedars are Lebanese

Just half a block from Van Ness's auto row, yet light years away in spirit, The Cedar Alley Coffee House and Theatre forms the nucleus of a budding performing arts center in the European cabaret style. A tasteful and quite multilevel coffee house forms an expansive foyer for the small experimental theatre reached through soundproof doors in back past the espresso machines. Norman Sturgis, a talented craftsman from London with multitudes of stage and screen credits, teaches and directs theater classes of amateurs and professionals when the theatre is not presenting Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell." A stark black background highlights the four players, seated on tall stools, as they delivery Shaw's acerbic commentaries on society and humankind. Staffed by experienced actors, the Company's "Don Juan" is good Little Theatre. Excellent performances by Kurt Paul as Juan and Gavin Fletcher as the Devil underscore the aptness of the dialogue to the current world. Curtain is 8:30 P.M. Admission is \$2.50. The next offering: "A Thousand Clowns" using actors from the Wednesday and Sunday night classes. A gathering place for professional artists, actors and intelligentsia, the coffee house in itself is a refreshing interlude and should provide a good basis from which to build an outstanding small company.

Mega-Watt Flower Power

In deepest Haight-Ashbury flourishes the Straight Theatre and its School of Performing Arts. The theatre itself, at 1428 Haight, is an old movie house with a checkered career. From a regular run house, it was turned into a "camp" film house of the Gay set, then was taken over and remodeled by a group of moneyed people who spent over \$40,000 converting the theatre from films to a multipurpose light-sound-kinetic arts-happening arena. A huge mega-watt sound system bends the inner ears at "Fillmore-like" concerts while an excellent three-wall lightshow does unnatural things to your retinas. Before the weekend concerts, the acting company presents "The Dossier", an impressionistic and sometimes personally abstract play by Rozewicz. The style is total involvement: players enter through the audience, sets are suggestive rather than complete, and lightshow techniques successfully combine with stage movement. "The Dossier" is presented Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 p.m., followed by rock concerts. Admission is \$4.00 for the combination of events. The Straight Theatre School, down the street at 1748 Haight, is the feeder for the acting, dancing and music events at the theatre. To build a working company, the school needs teachers and students for its second summer session in music, dance and drama. People with plays should also call 387-5074 or 387-1184.

Graveyard shift

Still abuilding on the corner of Frederick and Stanyan is the God's Eye theatre, an experimental theatre where the audience sits all around the action on multilevel tiers. Besides a current production called the "Automobile Graveyard," which will be reviewed next issue, the God's Eye presents films and various types of workshops. Shows are each night except Monday, at 8:30 p.m. and the admission is whatever you wish to contribute.

Lil's Crystal is a Purple Onion, Too.

North Beach, though still nursing its breast fetish, has produced two new clubs, Crystal Lil's, at 674 Broadway, and the Purple Onion Two, at 435 Broadway. The former was opened by the group running the highly successful Red Garter, next door. At Lil's, the only Topless ladies are dummies (the plastic kind, honest) in the upstairs "bordello museum." Borrowing heavily from wax museum techniques, the museum lets you sip champagne while walking past rooms and scenes taken from San Francisco's regrettably past erstwhile Wild Past, wherein sporting houses and those sports cavorted about. It's a nice gimmick, but a one-shot deal, unless San Francisco has more superbly "kinky" people than one suspects. Downstairs in the "parlor" of the "House" a good band and vocal combination entertains in a pleasant up-beat manner. Occasionally, a waitress will grab a mike and sing a few songs. Several are passable singers, but the rest obviously made it big in High School PTA talent shows. Drinks are less expensive than in other North Beach entertainment clubs and the decor is sumptuous in the flocked wallpaper school of design. Purple Onion Two, Keith Rockwell's new "discovery" club has taken over the lavish red-plush theatre of the old On Broadway club to present fresh talent. In the premiere production, good outweighs bad and nothing or nobody reaches the sublime atrociousness that tends to hallmark North Beach. Michael Greer, the comedian-M.C. of the Discoveries '67 review, is a top banana just starting to grow. The two ladies, a singer and a comedienne-singer, are adequate. The male singer, Don Minter, has an enjoyable, powerful voice but needs a more personal style. Minter's potential puts Jack Jones in the proper perspective of a little old lady in reverse drag.

Psychedelic Sales in the art-set

A "Joint Show" extending up to the knuckles and presenting the "Big Five" poster artists of the "Fillmore psychedelic" school with their non-poster art is currently on display at the Moore Gallery, 535 Sutter St. in S.F. If you missed the lacy fireworks of the Grover Sales-engineered press conference and smash show opening, go down anyway and feel the pulse of a local art scene that has attracted world-wide attention.

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Grand Canyon Diary...

By Earl Thollander

Page Design By R.L. House

Sketches By Earl Thollander

PAGE AIRPORT, ARIZONA JUNE 23, 1967

My son Wes, 16, and I took the bus from Calistoga on June 21. We carried a dunnage bag apiece and I brought a small knapsack for sketching equipment. The grommet on my dunnage bag broke and Janet sewed it back on with thread borrowed from Kay Russell. The Russells' power tool shop is right next to the bus depot in Calistoga.

Wes & I each took a window seat on the bus. At OAKVILLE a grubby older man with a week's growth of grey beard sat next to me, excusing himself.

He leaned toward me and in a husky, raspy voice said, "I'm drunk, does it show?" I lied, shaking my head in negative fashion.

At San Francisco we met John Elliott who was to accompany us on the river trip.

It was midnight in Bakersfield when we transferred to our 3rd bus, then in Kingman, Arizona, we were transferred again & Wes's luggage got on another bus. We got it back in FLAGSTAFF, Arizona, although a somewhat inconvenient 1½ hours after our June 22nd arrival.

Dinner in Flagstaff was a "bucket of chicken," 4 pieces each, coleslaw and a ½ gallon of milk consumed in the small public park.

I bought a hat.

We caught the evening bus to Page, passing through colorful Grand Canyon plateau country and some Ponderosa pine forests. We camped in a field not far from the center of town. HOT! (110°)

JUNE 23, 1967 . . . PAGE, ARIZONA

The 3 of us hired a pilot to show us Lake Powell & Glen Canyon Dam and as far north as Natural Bridge monument (51 air miles from PAGE.) One part of the landscape that I particularly admired, a group of buttes rising like temples and one

of the many bays of Lake Powell at its base. The pilot told me that the spot had been chosen as a recreation site by the Park Department. Roads, landing strip and all will be incorporated into the scene.

JUNE 23 . . .

Marble Canyon . . . We traveled here from PAGE in the Power Wagon.

At dusk we arrived at Lee's Ferry where the "PUT-IN" will take place SATURDAY.

JUNE 24 . . .

The boys on the staff worked until 2 a.m., Wes and John with them, readying the two 35 foot rubber rafts. This morning, at 5 a.m., they began working again. We had an orange and some cantaloupe for breakfast.

JUNE 25, 1967

The river trip began at noon from historic Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River. Two 35 foot rubber rafts manned by 3 young fellows & peopled by some 25 travelers floated (with the aid of an outboard motor on each raft) to a sandy beach where sandwiches and punch were served for lunch. Then we set off down the river. Rapids ahead were signalled by a dull roar that grew louder and louder. The bigger ones are deafening and scary-looking. But now, after having boomed and twisted through and over half a dozen, I feel that the rafts are fairly safe (not entirely

safe, however). After we've passed a large rapids, we swing around to watch the second raft take the turbulent trip. These rafts look like huge pre-historic fish with its young on its back.

The river keeps rising and falling. Sometimes it takes 4 or 5 to push the big raft into the water again after it has been moored. We camped beside one of the roaring rapids at HOUSE ROCK. The beach was large and the white sand fine, clean and littered along the shore with a great variety of bleached & polished wood. The orange and red walls of the Grand Canyon hemmed us in on all sides.

The boys were riding the rapids at HOUSE ROCK—keep your feet in front of you, wear a life jacket and down you go. Wes and John were going to try it and little realizing the danger I went along. It was really rough with wave after wave slapping without relief. I had to drag myself ashore exhausted and sputtering.

JUNE 25

Omelette and eggs and an early start down Marble Canyon . . . the views and heights of rock walls grew more and more sensational, colors and rock

formations beautiful and colossal. If you sit in the front of the raft on one of its sausage sides, holding onto the strap if goes over the rapids like a

bucking bronco—and you get plenty wet! The day ended and camp set up at a most dramatic spot.

JUNE 26

Animal tracks on the sand all around my sleeping bag this morning . . . a hike to pre-Navajo granary on the side of the cliff. We have just entered the Grand Canyon National Park.

JUNE 26, the 3rd day on the river

The Canyon is a marvelous and unforgettable sight. The rapids are great fun. Some are really rough. GRAPEVINE and SOCK POLIGER were the most so far. Where the Little Colorado meets the Colorado the muddy coloring of the water begins, but it is also remarkable

how well the color goes with the earth coloring of the canyon walls, ochres, pinks, reds, blacks, browns & greys.

JUNE 27

Pesky night insects humming like mosquitos, and landing on me kept me awake. I smashed a number of them on my face. We had bacon & scrambled eggs, freshly-baked cinnamon rolls & oranges for breakfast. I just showered & washed at phantom ranch & now am contemplating my next sketch.

JUNE 28

Camped at Tapeats Creek.

JUNE 29

Today the biggest and best rapids at Hermit! Bob Elliott was ecstatic about the way we rode through.

He thought it one of the best rapids he had ever taken. We stopped at ELVES CHASM and hiked to the inner waterfall with its lovely pool at the bottom. Crystal rapids we walked around because of the dangerous rocks. I sketched Bob Elliott as he rolled the rafts through. At one point, where there were no rocks, just "hairy" waves, as Elliott called them, a number of people elected to go over the rapids in life jackets. Not me! Once was enough! Bob Elliott took his raft downstream, in case anyone needed help. The boys had no trouble, except for Mike who couldn't swim out of an eddy he was in. We got to Mike & he grabbed a rope and rested. Then the Schwabs came along & poor Betsy was done in.